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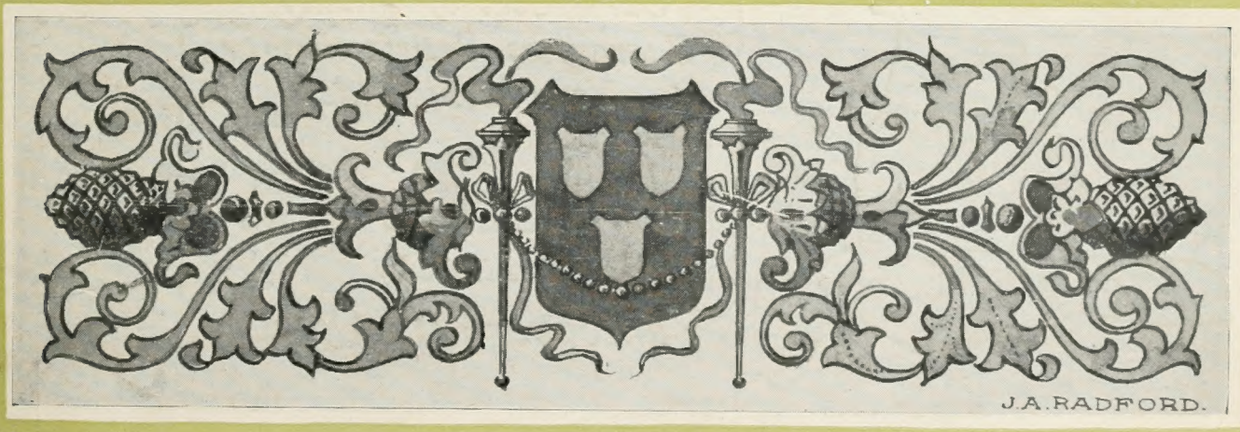

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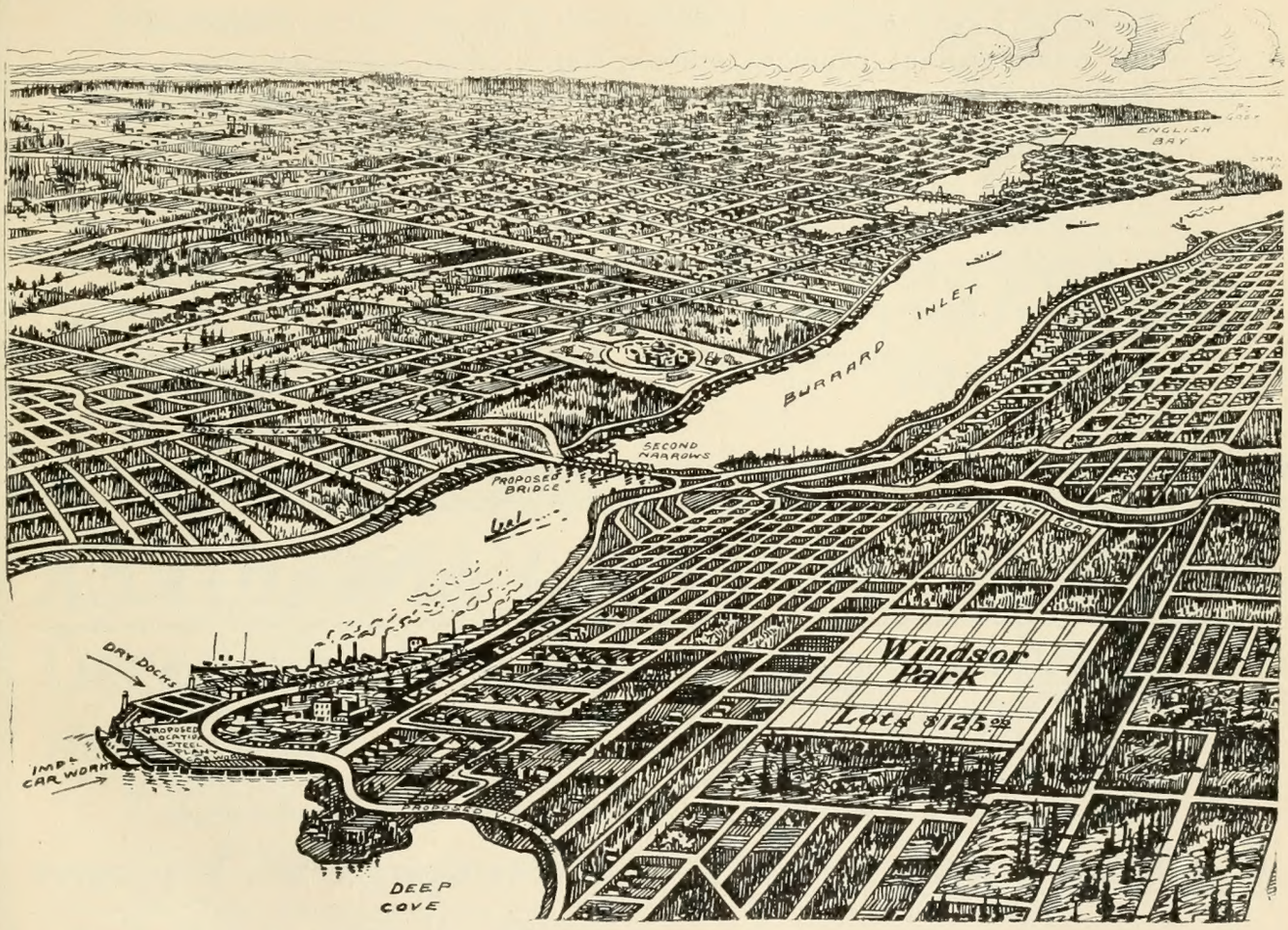

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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

(FORMERLY MAN-TO-MAN)

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¶ SUBSCRIPTION TERMS—In Canada and Great Britain, $1.50 the year; fifteen cents the copy. ¶ In the United States, $2.00 the year; twenty cents the copy. ¶ CHANGE OF ADDRESS—When a change of address is ordered, both the old and the new address must be given, and notice sent three weeks before the change is desired. ¶ If the magazine is not received every month, you will confer a favor by advising Manager of Circulation.

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¶ President, Elliott S. Rowe; Vice-President, Charles McMillan; Secretary-Treasurer, William Lawler

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The Logs

BY C. G. D. ROBERTS

In thronged procession, gliding slow,
The great logs sullenly seaward go.

A blind and blundering multitude
They jostle on the swollen flood,

Nor guess the inevitable fate
To greet them at the city gate,

When noiseless hours have lured them down
To the wide booms, the busy town,

The mills, the chains, the screaming jaws
Of the eviscerating saws.

Here in the murmur of the stream,
Slow journeying, perchance they dream,

And hear once more their branches sigh
Far up the solitary sky;

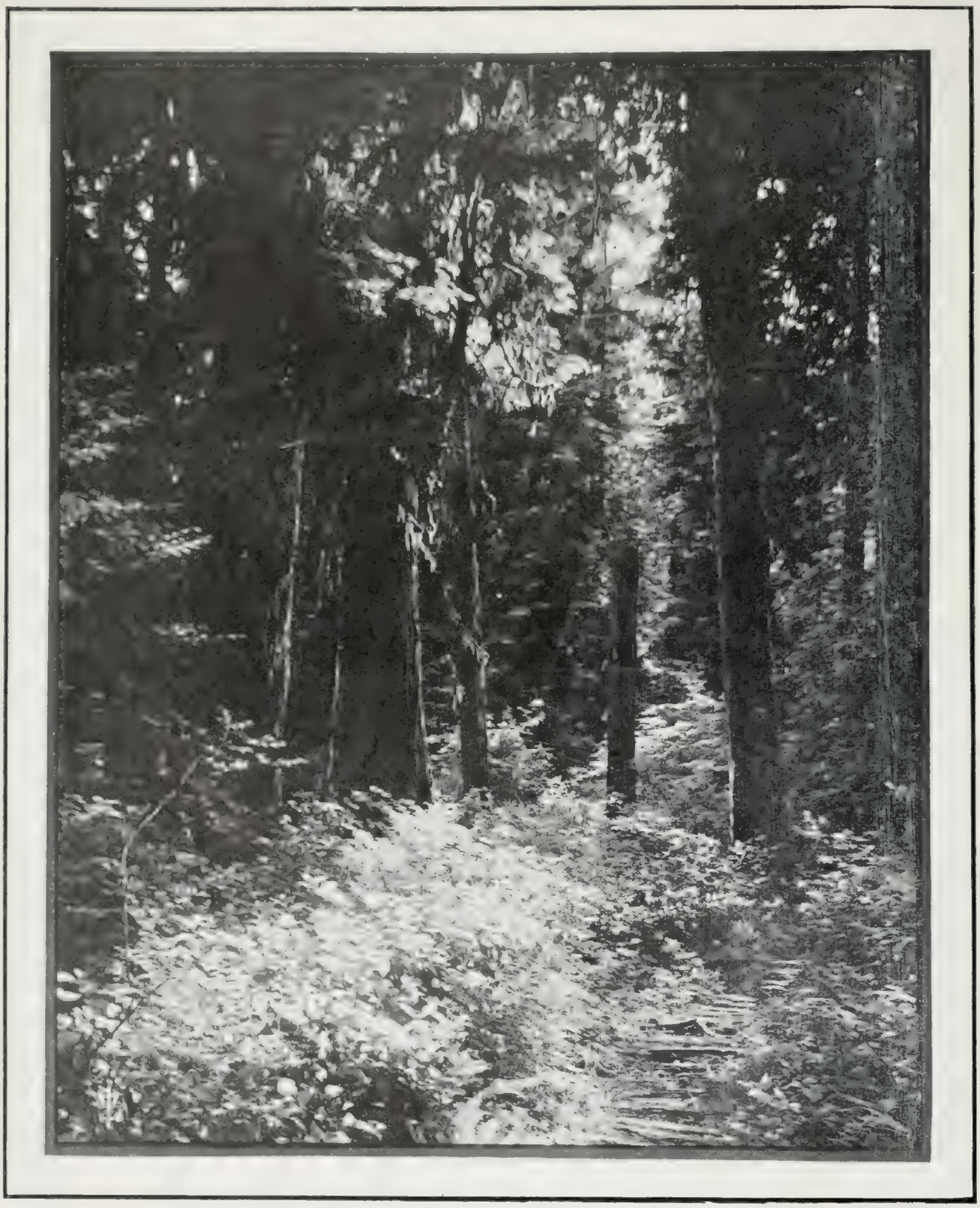
Once more the rain-wind softly moan,
Where sways the high green top alone;

Once more the inland eagle-call
From the white crag that broods o'er all.

But if, beside some meadowy brink,
Where flowering willows lean to drink,

Some open beach at the river bend
Where shadows in the sun extend,

They for a little would delay,
The huge tide hurries them away.



"HERE IS A PATH THAT POSITIVELY BECKONS"

The British Columbia Magazine

Vol. VII. No. 2. for February, 1911

The Yale-Cariboo Wagon-Road

By E. O. S. Scholefield

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11, JANUARY ISSUE)

MR. BARNARD emigrated to British Columbia in the year 1859, and proceeded at once to Yale, landing at the little hamlet with a five dollar gold piece in his pocket—his whole fortune. Nothing daunted, he proceeded to work with a will. After a period of nondescript employments, in which he figured as a splitter of cord-wood and a constable, he became purser of the steamer Yale, and he was on board that ill-fated vessel when she was blown up just below Hope. The purser, fortunately, had a lucky escape, being taken from the wreckage by Indians.

In 1860, after clearing and grading Douglas Street, Mr. Barnard began his long career as an expressman, travelling on foot between Yale and Cariboo, a distance of three hundred and eighty miles each way, packing letters and newspapers on his back. For every letter he delivered he collected two dollars, and he sold his papers at a dollar apiece. By 1862 Mr. Barnard had succeeded so well that he was able to start a pony express, which means that the animal carried the mail bags and express while his master walked as before.

Like Ballou, another pioneer expressman, Mr. Barnard enjoyed the confidence and respect of all. Gold dust and valuables were entrusted to him without the slightest misgiving—in fact, his reliability was proverbial. He never failed to deliver on time the letters, documents, and gold dust entrusted to him. As soon as the Cariboo Road was completed he recognized its possibilities as an express route, and he proceeded at once to organize Barnard's Express and Mail Line. It speaks volumes for the respect and esteem in which the man was held that he experienced no difficulty in procuring the requisite support for his enterprise. The line was equipped with fourteen passenger coaches, and his drivers, it may be said, were all crack whips.

Barnard's Express carried the Royal Mail, gold for the banks and private persons, as well as passengers. So great was the confidence of the public in the head of the concern that in a short time the Government disbanded its Gold Escort and placed upon him the heavy responsibility of transporting the treasure from the mines in Cariboo to the coast. The coaches which carried the gold chest were always accompanied by a fully armed attendant.

In 1870 Mr. Barnard, with Mr. Beedy, of Van Winkle, brought out from Scotland six traction engines, with their duly qualified engineers, and attempted to run

them on the road. But the venture was no more successful than the attempt in earlier years to use camels on the road. The roads of British Columbia, it was proved, were no more suitable for the one than the other.

Mr. Barnard, by the way, was elected to the Colonial Legislature in the year 1866 for Yale, and he represented that constituency until 1870. In 1879 he was elected to represent Yale-Kootenay in the House of Commons, and again in the following general election. Owing to ill-health Mr. Barnard retired from active political life in 1887, and he later declined a senatorship for the same unfortunate reason.

On the 10th of July, 1889, Francis Jones Barnard passed away from the scenes of his extraordinarily active and successful career. He was mourned the length and breadth of the Province. He was undoubtedly a great man, strong in his friendships, bitter in his enmities, but respected alike by foe and friend.

THOMPSON RIVER

Speaking of Mr. Barnard I cannot refrain from quoting an editorial reference to his work in colonial days which appeared in the "Daily Chronicle," if for no other reason than that it gives an insight into the character of a man whose Herculean efforts should not be forgotten or disparaged. The editorial in question was entitled "Perseverance and Courage," and it ran:—

"There is no better instance of the good a man may do himself and his country by industry and well-directed enterprise than the successful career of F. J. Barnard. Four or five years ago this gentleman began to run an express in British Columbia, and now the undertaking, which commenced with small means and employed but a trifling capital, is one of the largest commercial concerns in the Colony. The difficulties which have impeded his progress would have disheartened any ordinary man, but he has successfully surmounted them all, and in conjunction with his admirable coadjutors in the lower country, Messrs. Dietz and Nelson, he has brought the express business into a remarkable state of efficiency. No tribute which the mining interest can offer such a man can transcend his deserts as the pioneer expressman and stage proprietor of the Cariboo gold fields. To his energy the travelling community owe their facilities for making the journey from one end of the country to the other during the last winter. Mails and passengers have been brought through with despatch and safety when the roads would otherwise have been impassable. Miners' letters, newspapers and treasure have all been conveyed in his sleighs with economy and attention. But it is in his organization for the traffic of the coming summer that he has put forward his greatest efforts. His four-horse wagons, on the fifteenth of March, will commence running from Yale with a branch service from Lillooet, connecting at Clinton, and drive night and day to Soda Creek, then by the upper river steamer to the mouth of Quesnelle, when a saddle train awaits the mail and passengers to carry

them into the Creek. Twice a week by this opportunity passengers can start from Victoria and reach their destination in the mines within six days after leaving our wharf. The character of the undertaking will only be understood when we remind our readers that each four-horse team will only run from thirteen to seventeen miles, and then be exchanged for fresh cattle; and this will be done in a country where grain and hay command a higher price than any other place in the world.

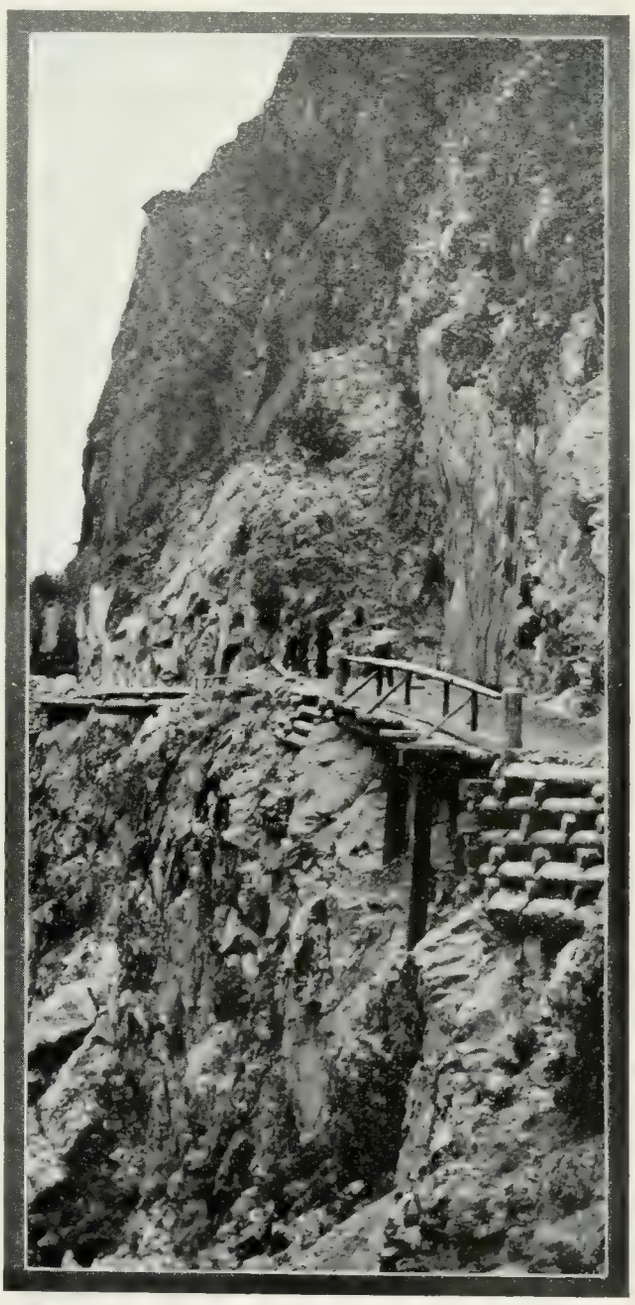
"Nor is it alone in his passenger, mail and express arrangements that this celerity is shown. The whole of that patronage in carrying treasure, which last year the Government escort, with its enormous outlay of $60,000 and slow travelling, could only partially obtain, will find its way into the chest of the more economical but equally trustworthy armed Express Company.

"Acting upon the suggestion of one of our most prominent merchants here, Mr. Barnard has fitted an iron burglar-proof safe into each of his wagons and bolted it securely to its bed. Not resting content with this precaution he has had the chests constructed with detonating powder in the interstices between the plates, and on any attempt being made to open them with a chisel they would inevitably explode with the force of a bomb-shell. The safes are also fitted with combination locks, known only to the principals at each terminus, and no amount of intimidation exercised on a captured expressman would force from him a secret which had not been entrusted to him. The skill, labor, ingenuity and perseverance with which the whole scheme has been elaborated, and the well-known partiality which the miners entertain for their plucky friend, warrant us in believing that Francis Jones Barnard will in a few years be one of the most important men in that rising colony."

YALE AND THE FIRST STAGE

Mr. Barnard set about the business with his customary energy. He bought a number of horses from the late John Parker, who had been staging on the Harrison-Lillooet road with but indifferent success, and employed John Martin, of Victoria, to make his harness. Wagons were built by Simeon Duck and Landover, also of Victoria. Some twenty-five or thirty horses, and the necessary coaches and harness, feed and general supplies were shipped from Victoria early in 1864 to New Westminster. From the old-time capital of the mainland the caravan was transhipped to Yale by river steamer. Aaron Johnson was appointed by Mr. Barnard as road manager and he had with him some ten or twelve men.

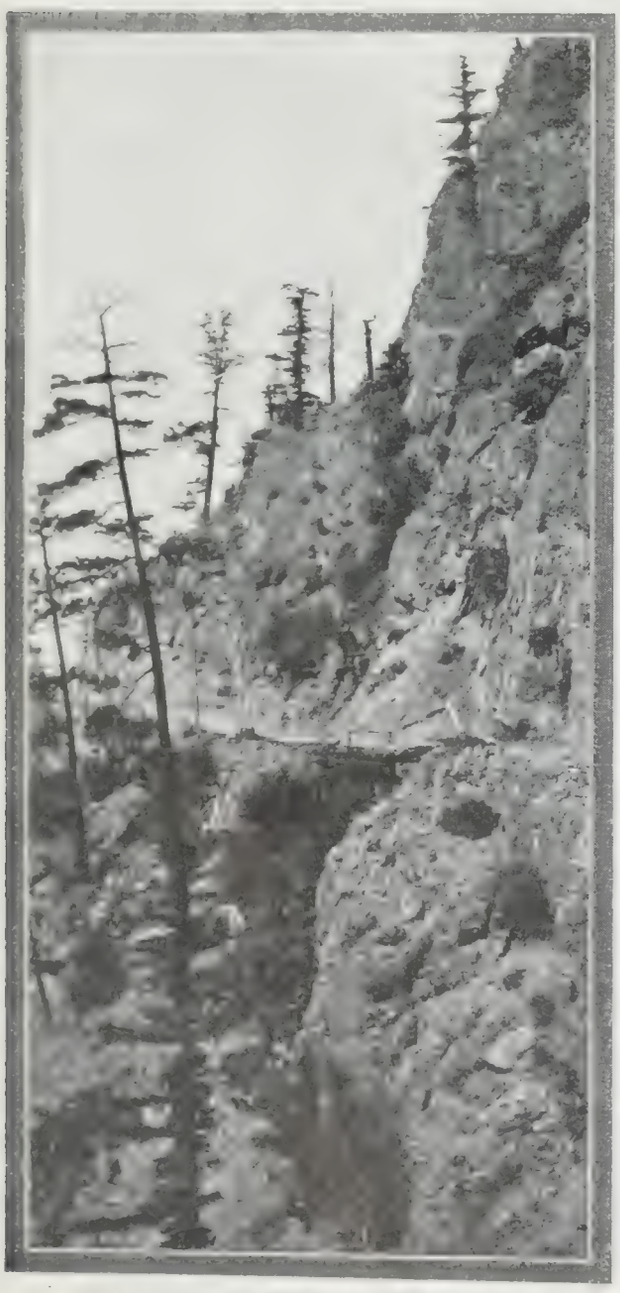
Some time previously Mr. Barnard had made the acquaintance of a young man named Steve Tingley, later to earn distinction in the express business, and induced him to enter his employ as a driver. It seems that Mr. Tingley had been driving an ox team from Spence's Bridge to Fort Alexandria for the Hudson's Bay Company,



"ALONG THE PERILOUS ROAD"

and that Mr. Barnard had at different times delivered letters to him. When the latter determined to start a stage line he offered Mr. Tingley the position of driver. Thus commenced between these two a friendship which in after-years proved mutually advantageous and of great benefit to the travelling public.

The men, wagons, coaches and supplies arrived at Yale in the beginning of March, 1864, and arrangements were made for an early start. The first stage left Yale on March 12 (not on the 21st, as mentioned in the advertisement quoted), at five o'clock in the morning. On the box sat James Down, and among the passengers were Doctor Black, of New Westminster, and a Miss Florence Wilson. From that day a stage coach started regularly each week from Yale until the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the middle eighties caused the removal of the starting point to Ashcroft.



"THROUGH THE GREAT CANYON"

CONTEMPORARY PRESS NOTICES

"Barnard's Express" soon became one of the recognized institutions of the Colony. The company was well organized and, considering the difficulties that had to be encountered, the time made by the stages was exceedingly good. In this connection it is interesting to read a local which appeared in the "British Columbian" of New Westminster, Wednesday, April 13, 1864: "Quick Work"—"Barnard's last express left Soda Creek at 11 a.m. on Friday, April 1, and reached Yale at 8 a.m. on the following Monday! This is, we believe, the best time yet made in the colony."

And then again we read of Mr. Poole, the Express messenger, leaving Williams' Creek on the morning of the 12th inst. (April, 1864), and arriving in Yale on the evening of the 18th, having made the run from Soda Creek to Yale by stage in 60 hours! This was considered exceedingly quick time. An item in the same paper a few weeks later may also be mentioned: "Mr. Barnard deserves very great credit for the manner in which he has consummated his arrangements for his line of stages. Good drivers, good horses and excellent wagons are the themes of praise of travellers. The road is in excellent order, and when put to their metal the line of stages can span the distance between Soda Creek and Yale in 40 hours."

And such items as the following are not infrequently found in the columns of contemporary newspapers: "Barnard's stage arrived at Yale on Sabbath, bringing a Cariboo express with $130,000 in treasure. The express was in charge of Mr. Poole."

ROAD-HOUSES AND CHANGING PLACES

Mr. Tingley was on the box of the second stage out of Yale and he held the ribbons continuously for over twenty-eight consecutive years. To his careful driving and to the fact that to him was entrusted the selection of the drivers, a selection always made with the utmost care, may be attributed the splendid record of the company in the matter of accidents, of which

few of any moment occurred during all the years that he was the tutelary genius of the road.

The changing places for the stages, generally drawn by four, but often by six horses, were:—Boston Bar, Lytton, Spence's Bridge, Cache Creek, Clinton, 74-Mile House (kept by Sergeant MacMurphy, formerly of the Royal Engineers), Bridge Creek (kept by Jeffrey Brothers), 111-Mile House (kept by Blair Brothers), Blue Tent, 127-Mile House (kept by Felker), 137-Mile House (kept by Barnard), 150-Mile House (kept by Davidson), Soda Creek (kept by Sellars and Dunlevy). In early days a small steamer, owned by Gus Wright and Edgar Marvin, ran from Soda Creek to Quesnelle. The Occidental hotel of Quesnelle was managed by mine hosts Brown and Gillis. Goudy was the agent of the Express Company at that place.

Between Quesnelle and Richfield lay a poor road of fifty-five or sixty miles in length, which was not put in shape for wagons until 1865.

Of the Yale of that day a correspondent of the "British Columbian" observed that it had "much improved during the last year and begins to present quite a 'city-like' appearance; business is not very brisk, as the travel has not sufficiently commenced as yet, but all are anticipating a good season. Thanks to the energy and enterprise of Barnard the stage leaves here once a week, by which travellers will be enabled to reach Williams' Creek in from seven to eight days."

Of the principal places of resort in Yale I may mention Bill Sutton's branch saloon, Jim Barry's saloon, the Hudson's Bay Company's store, and the California Hotel, kept by Nick Bowden and later by Mrs. Bowden, his widow, and then by the latter and her second husband Mullen.

QUESNELLE TO RICHFIELD

In 1865 the last link of the stage line between Yale and Richfield was forged. In that year Messrs. Humphrey, Poole and Johnson organized the Cariboo Stage Company for the purpose of running stages above Quesnelle Mouth in connection with F. J. Barnard and company's coach and express line. "A splendid new stage coach," so remarks a contemporary writer, was built for the new concern by Messrs Duck and Landover, of Victoria, which, at a pinch, could seat sixteen passengers. Up to this time from "Quesnelle City" to Richfield, passengers had journeyed by saddle train.

A WORD AS TO FARES AND EXPRESS CHARGES

The fares, judged by present-day canons, were high. The old passenger rate from Yale to Richfield was $130.00, single fare, which did not include meals or accommodation at the road-houses. The fares between other points were proportionately high. The express charges from Yale to Richfield were:

Parcels from 5 to 25 pounds, $1.00 per pound. Parcels from 25 to 100 pounds, 90c per pound. Parcels over 100 pounds, 75c per pound.

"THE ROAD AS IT WAS, IS NO MORE"

In 1867 the fare from Yale to Soda Creek was reduced to $60.00, and from Yale to Barkerville to $85.00. This reduction called forth the following from the "Examiner": "Notwithstanding the advanced prices of feed Barnard seems determined to facilitate travel, as, at these prices, miners will go by stage in preference to 'shanking it.' Barnard deserves encouragement for this reduction, especially in the absence of an opposition line."

EXPENSES ENORMOUS

If the fares were high, however, so were the expenses incidental to the maintenance of the business. We could scarcely expect "excursion rates" with hay ranging from $35.00 a ton in Yale to $250.00 a ton in Barkerville; grain from ten cents to thirty-five cents a pound, according to the distance from Yale; horseshoes a dollar apiece. The horses were the best then procurable. They cost in Oregon from $75.00 to $200.00 a head, and then were conveyed to British Columbia at no small expense. The difficulty of procuring an adequate supply of suitable horses in early days was no inconsiderable problem, and a year or two after the establishment of "Barnard's Express" the energetic head of that concern decided to establish a stud-farm in the colony for the express purpose of supplying the needs of the road in that particular.

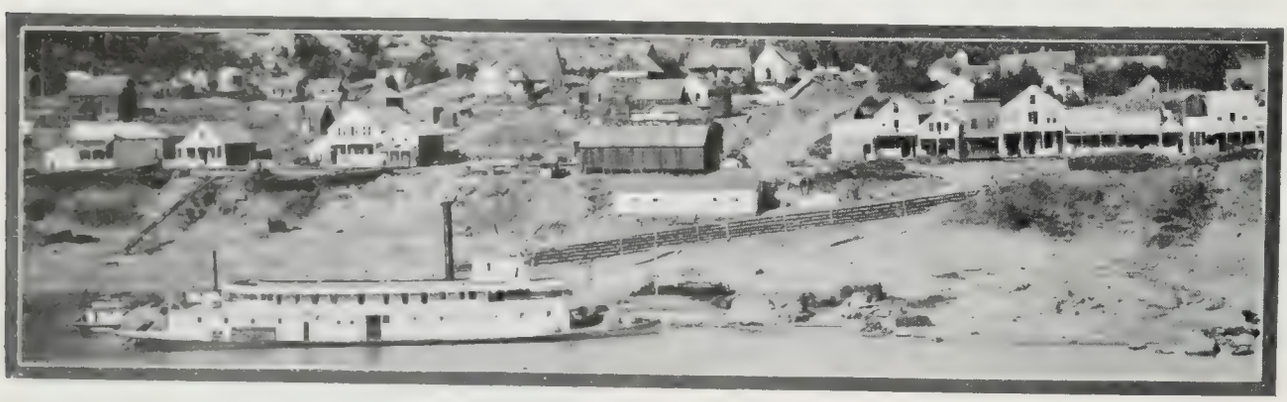
THE B. X. STUD-FARM

Accordingly in the year 1868 Mr. Steve Tingley, now one of Mr. Barnard's most valued coadjutors, was instructed to proceed to Oregon to select and purchase brood-mares and stallions. Mr. Tingley found that the price of cattle was unreasonably high, so he proceeded to California and Mexico, where he was successful in procuring four hundred head—brood-mares, stallions, colts and mules—all of which were driven overland to Vernon, on the Okanagan Lake. At that point, the present site of the City of Vernon, the Express Company started its stud-farm, but as the location proved rather too windy and cold for horse-breeding purposes, the whole establishment was moved and the great B. X. Ranch founded. The B. X. (an abbreviation, by the way, of Barnard's Express), it is interesting to note, was the first large and properly appointed stud-farm in British Columbia, and for many years it furnished not a small proportion of the horses used in the interior. The band soon increased to over two thousand head and its management kept many men constantly employed.

EXTENSIVE OPERATIONS

The whole great business of the "Express" was managed most carefully and systematically. At different stations along the route were pastures and hay meadows, the former being used for the recruiting of jaded stock, and from off the latter was harvested some of the hay used at the different relay posts. As soon as a horse showed signs of wear and tear the animal was at once turned out and a fresh beast brought in to fill his place in the ranks. No less than two hundred and fifty horses were always in hand, of which one hundred and fifty were continually in harness. The result of this careful management was seen in the splendid teams of the company, whose stages were always drawn by spirited beasts in splendid condition. From time to time the stock would be recruited from the B. X. Ranch.

We may form some idea of the operations of the "Express" from the fact that the



STEAMER LANDING, YALE, B. C., 1868

company employed continuously some seventy men, of whom seven or eight were the drivers of passenger coaches. These latter were the "aristocrats," if not the "autocrats," of the road, and all of them were well known and generally respected from one end of the country to the other. Upon them rested the heavy responsibility of conveying the coaches along that terribly dangerous stretch through the canyons of the Fraser River. The other employees were ostlers, blacksmiths, horsebreakers, and general hands. In the hay-making season many additional hands found employment in the great meadows of the concern. The company owned its own paint, wheelwright and repair shops, and blacksmiths' forges.

The passenger coaches used on the road were generally obtained from a well-known factory in Stockton, California, the dry and equable climate of that region being peculiarly suitable to the proper seasoning of the wood employed in the construction of the vehicles. Moreover, the extensive stage business of the Golden State in the early days had produced mechanics second to none, perhaps, in their own particular field. Some of the stages and wagons, however, were obtained from the celebrated coach-builder, James R. Hill, of Concord, New Hampshire, famous in all parts of the Republic in those days for his vehicles and harness; and others from Abbott of the same place, almost equally famous for his passenger coaches.

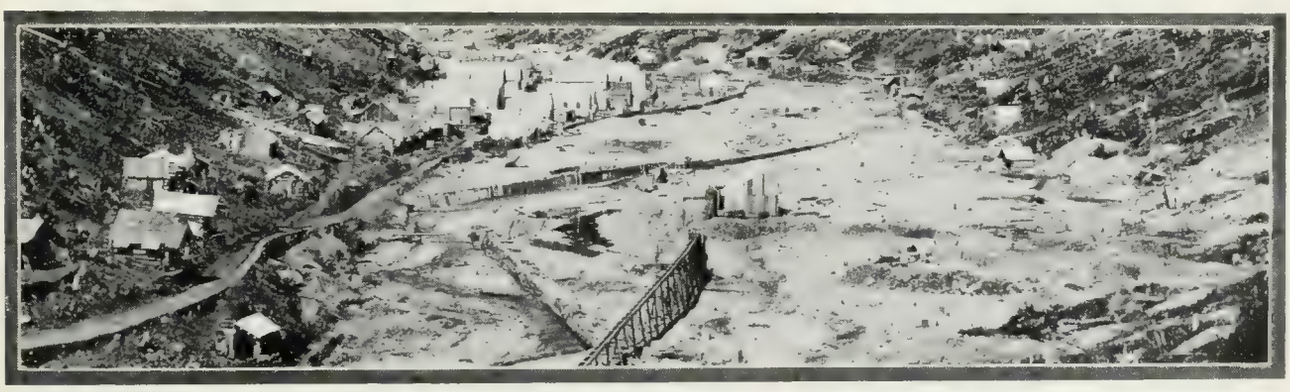
In addition to the Cariboo Express, the company also operated a line of stages from Clinton to Lillooet, a distance of forty-seven miles more or less. The line was started in 1864 or 1865, and a passenger coach plied weekly each way. The stage left Clinton each Wednesday morning and Lillooet the following Saturday on its return journey. The fare was moderate for that day, being only $7.50 each way. The run was broken at Pavilion Mountain roadhouse.

Then there was another line from Yale to Okanagan Mission, now Kelowna. The stage left Yale each Monday morning and the Mission each Thursday of the week. Four days were consumed in the journey between Yale and the Mission and the fare was the modest sum of thirty dollars each way, meals and beds en route not included, of course. The Yale-Mission line was started about 1868.

The stations on the last-mentioned route, after leaving the Cariboo Road, were:—Savonas, Kamloops, Duck and Pringle's (now Bostock's), Grande Prairie, Landsdowne, O'Keefe's, Priests' Valley and the Mission, where the line ended.

NAMES TO BE REMEMBERED

Many men well known in the colony and province in the early days were associated with the company, and it may be interesting to recall the names of some of them. Mr. G. A. Sargison, the general superintendent, made Victoria his headquarters, while Mr. E. Jungerman acted as the company's agent at the capital. Old-timers will remember well the agents of the "Express" at the different stations: G. B. Murray, New Westminster; T. Cooper, Yale; T. R. Buie, Lytton; A. B. Ferguson, Clinton; A. S. Bates, 150-Mile House; Dunlevy & Company, Soda Creek; James Reid, Quesnelle; and J. A. Newland, Barkerville. Nor should we forget in this connection the veteran Steve Tingley, Alexander Tingley, James Hamilton, G. Dietz,



BARKERVILLE, B.C., 1868

and Hugh Nelson (afterwards Lieutenant-Governor), all of them inseparably associated with the "coaching days" of the province.

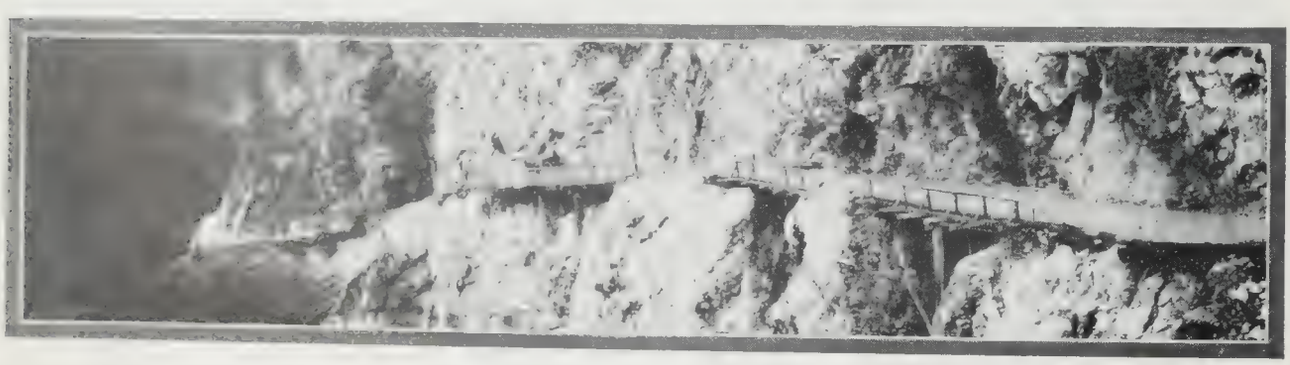
In 1872 the traffic had increased so greatly that we find two stages running each way weekly. The stage left Yale every Monday and Friday morning on the arrival of the steamer from Victoria, and it drove out of Barkerville, now the terminus of the line, each Wednesday and Sunday at 6 a.m. The fare had again been reduced. For the run from Yale to Barkerville, which according to an old time-table occupied seventy-two hours, a charge of sixty dollars only was made. In those days the passengers were allowed a few hours for sleep and recuperation at Lytton, Clinton, Soda and Quesnelle. Meals were taken more or less hastily at the relay stations while the horses were being changed. It is interesting to note that the run down the road was usually accomplished in about five hours' less time than the trip to the interior. Meals, by the way, cost only a dollar, the same price as that charged nowadays for dinner on the new and luxurious Canadian Pacific liner Princess Charlotte. The menu of the road-houses may not have been so elaborate as that provided by the steward of the steamer just referred to, but the fare, if plain, was good and there was an abundance of it.

FAR-EXTENDING RAMIFICATIONS

Of the ramifications of the stage system and of its importance to the infant community which it served so faithfully, we may gather something when we remember that from different points along the Yale-Barkerville road ran branch lines which connected portions of the country with the more populous centres on the coast. The great highway was the main artery of communication, and from it branched in many directions smaller arteries by which the remotest portions of the province received their supplies. At Lytton the Express connected with the trail for Foster's Bar and Lillooet; at Spence's Bridge with the trail for Nicola Lake; at Cache Creek with the wagon-road for Savonas Ferry and Kamloops Lake; whence trails ran to Lakes Okanagan and Shuswap and the Upper Columbia River; at Lake Valley Ranch, with the trail for Williams' Lake, Dog Creek and Canoe Creek; at Deep Creek with the trail for Forks of Quesnelle, Cedar Creek and the Horsefly Mines. The river water between Soda City (all places in those days were deemed the future sites of opulent and populous centres and christened in advance accordingly) and Quesnelle was traversed by the little steamer Victoria, which connected with the stages.

THE C. P. R. DRIVES THE STAGES BEFORE IT

The construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the great canyons of the Fraser in the eighties sounded the death-knell of that portion of the old highway which had played such an important part in the history of British Columbia. As the construction of the railway proceeded from Yale, for several years the headquarters of the well-known contractor, Mr. Onderdonck, the terminal point of the stage line was moved from time to time farther up the road, and the historic hamlet of Yale, which had been the scene of so many stirring events in the early days, and the headquarters of "Barnard's Express" for a period of twenty years, 1864 to 1884, was abandoned to the railway men. Old sketches and prints of Yale still afford us some insight into the wild and free life of the town in the halcyon days of railroad construction.



WHERE THEY PROPPED THE ROAD UP

Here were gathered men from all quarters of the globe—Chinese, negroes, Italians, men of all nationalities,—and it is not to be expected that these years should prove either stale or flat or unprofitable to the owners of saloons and gambling resorts.

For a brief space in 1884 the iron bridge at the 50-Mile Post became the starting point of the stages. The latter, then quartered at Lytton, would be driven down from that little town to meet the trains. Then in 1884 the scene was shifted to Spence's Bridge, and that place became for two years the starting point of "Barnard's Express." In 1886 came the great change. In that year the headquarters of the Cariboo Express, stage and mail line was established at Ashcroft, where it has ever since remained.

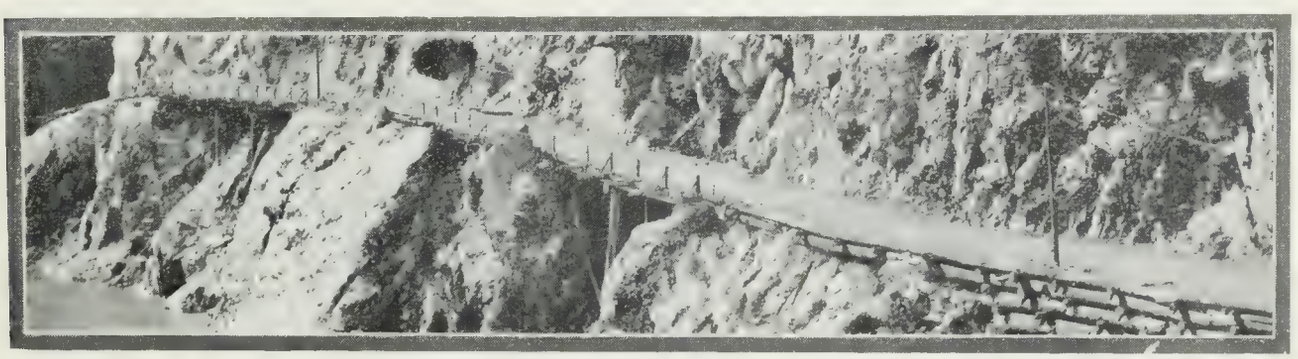
Thus, step by step, as it were, the stages retreated before the advance of the great iron road which was to make such marvellous changes in British Columbia in the years that followed. The old order was changing and giving place to the new. An era of illimitable expansion for the great Pacific province loomed up as the railway drew near completion. The railway doomed many things, but not the least of them that famous stretch of road between Yale and the point nearest Ashcroft. To the walls of the great canyon, here and there, still cling the broken memories of the old coaching days of the province, which were fraught with such excitement and exhilarating experiences.

DANGERS OF ROAD THROUGH CANYONS

The change cut off one hundred and four miles of the wildest, most expensive, most dangerous, and perhaps the best-constructed wagon-road on the continent of America. Mr. Steve Tingley, the famous driver, whose experience in handling the ribbons extended well over a quarter of a century, only a short time ago told the writer of these rough notes that his knowledge of stage routes in the United States extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but that he did not remember any road more trying to the nerves of the driver of the four or six-in-hand than that same road which was hewed out of the precipitous walls of that stretch of the Fraser River which reaches from Yale to Lytton. From Lytton to Cache Creek in many places the road was little less dangerous than the first part of it, but the drive from Ashcroft to Barkerville was, comparatively speaking, "only a playground," to borrow an expression from Mr. Tingley, whose long and intimate knowledge of the whole road entitles him to the respect of a high authority in such matters.

LIFE ON THE ROAD IN THE OLD COACHING DAYS

Life on the road was never lacking in interest and picturesque detail. There was always excitement enough for the passengers as the stage, drawn by its four or six high-spirited horses, careered along the road at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. But the most exciting times of all were those experienced while passing through the gloomy canyons of the Fraser River—in that same region which in the early years of the century had appalled even stout-hearted Simon Fraser. Here sharp curves, steep hills, yawning precipices, beetling cliffs on the one hand, and steep mountain sides on the other, the deep narrow gorge of the river, and below the raging waters seething on their tumultuous way to the ocean, awe-inspiring mountains with their high, rugged peaks crowned with snow



AND HUNG IT OVER THE FRASER RIVER

STEAMER RELIANCE WHICH RAN BETWEEN NEW WESTMINSTER AND YALE

—all combined to lend to the scene an indescribable grandeur, once seen never to be forgotten. Through this trackless, impassable country of heroic scenery, the road threaded its way from hill to hill, from mountain to mountain, from precipice to precipice, and swinging along its eighteen-foot bed, so well and truly laid by hands long since moldered into dust, came the Cariboo Express, now passing lumbering freight wagons, generally two of them hitched together and drawn by twelve or fourteen mules or horses, or it may be by nine or ten yoke of long-horned patient oxen, now perhaps a long single file of pack animals, and then again the ubiquitous buggy. In early days not infrequently the road would be lined for miles with freight wagons and vehicles of all sorts and conditions. It should be borne in mind that every article used in the Upper Country had to be hauled from Yale to the distributing points in the interior. Everything from matches to machinery was distributed by the caravans of the Cariboo Road. That will give some idea of the traffic which passed over the historic highway in the days that are no more.

Then there were the brief stoppings at the relay stations, where the passengers would gladly alight and stretch their cramped limbs while the horses were being changed, and parley views and gossip with their friends or chance acquaintances over a glass or two in the bar-room of mine host of the hostelry. A hurried meal, perhaps, and then "All aboard," the horses would break into a swinging trot and the coach would rumble down or up the road as the case might be, and the little crowd that had gathered to witness its departure would scatter about their daily avocations.

Much the same scenes, perhaps, if enacted in a cruder way, as those witnessed in the days of the immortal Pickwick. Like the old English coaching roads, too, their Yale-Cariboo counterpart was a toll road. The enormous cost of it had almost bankrupted the Colony—in the year 1862 alone some sixty thousand pounds sterling were expended on certain portions of the road between Yale and Alexandria, and the completed highway cost much more than that amount. Very necessary was it, therefore, that the Colony should recoup itself for its lavish outlay. Accordingly tolls were arranged. At Yale, Lytton, Spence's Bridge and Clinton were established toll-gates which were opened and closed by the toll-collectors who lived in little houses by the roadside. At Yale, Charlie Pope, a well-known character, levied a tax of two cents on each pound of freight that left the town; at the Alexandra Bridge, built by the late Sir J. W. Trutch, about thirteen miles from Yale, an additional one-third of a cent was collected by Mr. Place, also a prominent figure on the road; then at Lytton, named in honor of Sir Edward Bulwer (later Lord) Lytton, Secretary of State for the

LYTTON, B. C., 1868

Colonies in 1858, another one cent per pound had to be paid; at Spence's Bridge, John Clapperton, and after him, John Murray, did not forget to collect yet another one cent per pound from the passing teamsters; nor did George Pope, of Clinton, allow the freighters to pass his gate without collecting for the use of Her Majesty even another cent per pound. In such manner was tribute levied upon all and sundry, upon the large freighting companies as well as upon the "jerk-line" teamsters, as the smaller operators were termed in the expressive vernacular of the road.

In all, unless I have inadvertently left out a toll-station, five and one-third cents were levied upon each and every one pound of freight that passed over the road from Yale to Soda Creek. A teamster hauling two thousand pounds of freight from one end of the line to the other would be called upon to pay over one hundred dollars for the privilege of so doing. Yet the revenue from tolls—and sometimes six thousand dollars would be collected in one month at Yale alone—were not high enough to defray all the cost of keeping the route in good order. The cost of repair was always heavy, especially in spring and early summer, when water would often cover the road in certain places, making it necessary for the passengers in the stages to walk round the gaps, over hills and through dales. At such times the trip to Cariboo was not all beer and skittles.

GOLD

Twice a month the stage would bring down gold from Barkerville. The treasure was carried in small iron safes fastened under the seats. When filled with dust and nuggets one of these safes would weigh about six hundred pounds, and sometimes two of them would be brought down. Generally, however, the amount of bullion carried was much smaller. Mr. Tingley, whose name often appears in this article, once told the writer that on one occasion he had conveyed from the mines to Yale no less than three safes filled with the precious metal. But that was in the palmy days of the gold excitement.

MAIN STREET OF BARKERVILLE, 1868

The Express charges on the gold were from two and a half to five per cent. on the value. The treasure was always insured, generally through the late Mr. Heisterman, of Victoria.

ACCIDENTS

Taking into consideration the dangerous nature of the road in many places, it seems little short of the marvellous that in the whole history of "Barnard's Express" there should have been no appalling accidents. Accidents did happen now and then, of course, but when it is remembered how difficult was the way, and that the stages ran day and night in all weathers, summer and winter alike, we can only come to the conclusion that the line was splendidly managed and the drivers little short of heroes.

OX TEAMS, MOUNT PLEASANT

In looking back over the files of ancient newspapers—that is to say, ancient in comparison with the length of our history—I have come across at different times notices of accidents to the stages on the Cariboo Road, and a couple of these accounts at least will bear repeating. One of the earliest misadventures occurred in August, 1865, and it is thus reported in the "British Columbian," then under the able editorship of the late Honorable John Robson:

"STAGE ACCIDENT.—An accident occurred to one of Barnard's Cariboo stages last week by which the passengers had a narrow escape with their lives. Just after leaving the 90-Mile House the driver, who was intoxicated, commenced whipping his horses furiously, and kept them at full gallop for about two miles, when one of the wheels struck a stone, causing the tongue to break in two; the jagged end coming into contact with the horses' flanks rendered them completely ungovernable and they dashed on at full speed, the wagon swaying from side to side, and bounding over the stony road in the most alarming manner. At length they neared a part of the road running along a high bank, and the passengers fearing that they might be hurled down the precipice, with one exception (an invalid) sprang out of the wagon, several being injured by the fall; a well-known Cyprienne who was the first to leap out had her leg severely sprained. Had not the driver been too drunk the wagon might have been stopped by the use of the brakes; as it was, it fortunately passed the dangerous spot in safety and brought up at the next ascent. The same party had a narrow escape coming over that very dangerous portion of the road known as Chinaman's Bluff, about twenty miles above Yale. The road at that point is a narrow track blasted out from the cliff, the turbulent stream of the Fraser rolling several hundred feet below. The stage was passing this point at night, it being very dark, when suddenly one of the four horses began to rear and plunge so frightfully that the passengers momentarily expected to be hurled into the abyss below. The driver, however, who on this occasion

SALMON DRYING RACKS, FRASER RIVER

was a careful and steady man, managed to unhitch the fractious animal, and the remainder of the way to Yale was safely accomplished with three horses."

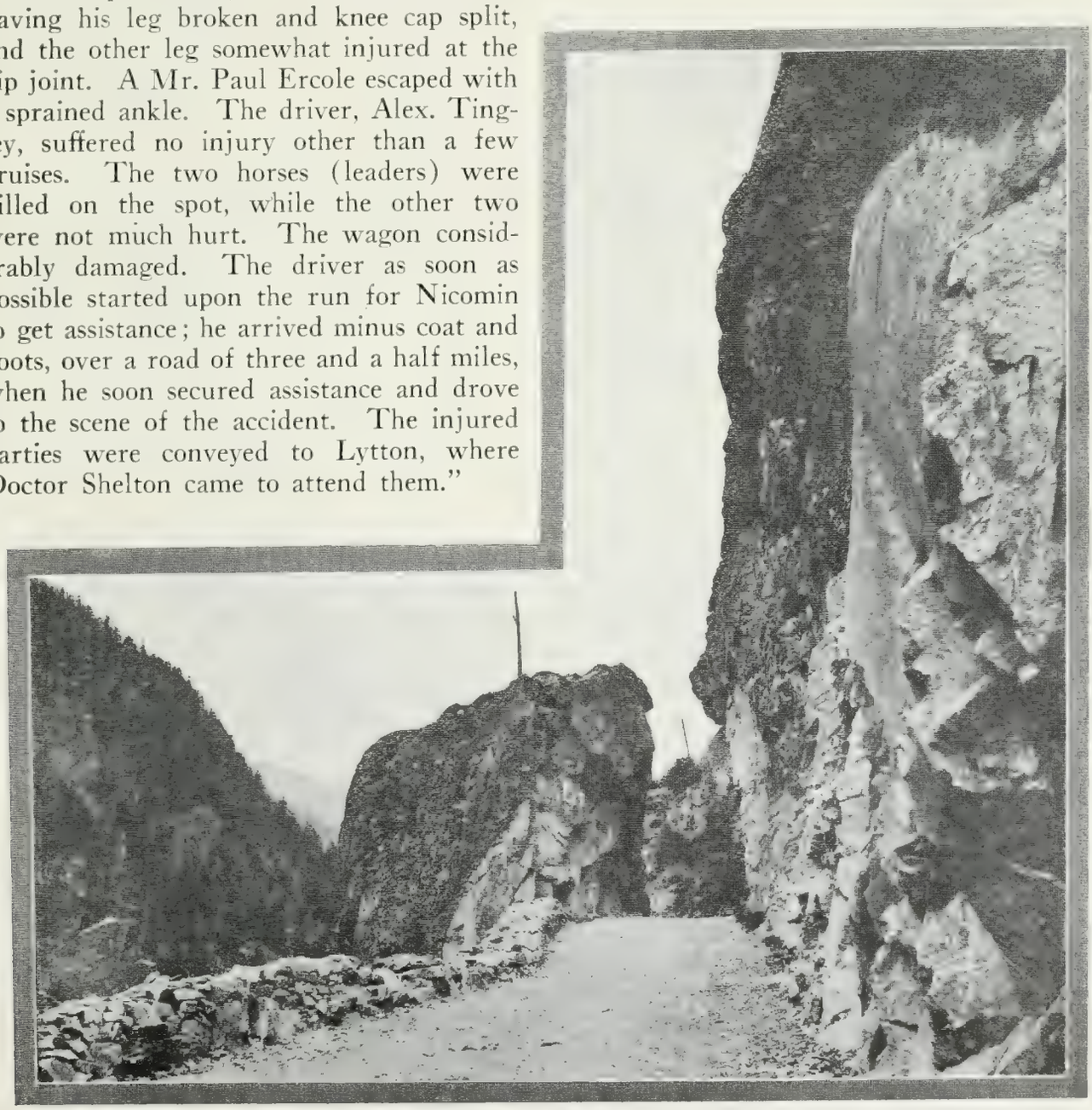
Another accident, which nearly resulted fatally to one or two of the passengers, is recorded a few years later. A correspondent of the "Inland Sentinel" gives a brief account of it in the following words:—

"On the 1st inst., near the 64-Mile Post, the stage reached what appeared to be a snowslide, and in attempting to cross the place the snow gave way under the wagon, precipitating passengers, horses and wagon over the bank, falling and rolling about 150 feet.

"Mr. Crooks, a railway carpenter going to work up the line, had the misfortune of having his leg broken and knee cap split, and the other leg somewhat injured at the hip joint. A Mr. Paul Ercole escaped with a sprained ankle. The driver, Alex. Tingley, suffered no injury other than a few bruises. The two horses (leaders) were killed on the spot, while the other two were not much hurt. The wagon considerably damaged. The driver as soon as possible started upon the run for Nicomin to get assistance; he arrived minus coat and boots, over a road of three and a half miles, when he soon secured assistance and drove to the scene of the accident. The injured parties were conveyed to Lytton, where Doctor Shelton came to attend them."

RIVALS OF BARNARD'S EXPRESS

It must not be thought that the British Columbia Express Company was at all times unopposed. More than once rival companies were formed for the purpose of reaping profits from the transportation business of the Yale-Cariboo Road. Such efforts, however, were ill-starred and sooner or later met with financial disaster. In the early seventies Aaron Johnson, who had been formerly Mr. Barnard's manager at Yale, was instrumental in forming an opposition line. His company indeed held the mail contract for a few months, but in the end the newly organized concern was obliged to ask Barnard's Express to take the contract off its hands. The opposition from



THE APPIAN WAY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

that quarter lasted about two years, but the older company, splendidly organized and equipped as it was, had no difficulty in holding its own, and in eventually routing and driving its competitor off the field. Johnson and his principal partner, a wagon-maker from Victoria, threw up the sponge and left the road, more or less heavily in debt.

A year or two later, the Pierson Brothers, of Victoria, started a line of stages in opposition to the Express, but they also were forced to retire from the field.

As a matter of fact the supremacy of the great company was never seriously threatened. It was altogether too strong and too well managed to be affected by rivals. Then the name of "Barnard's Express" had become a household word in the province and all the pioneers were loyal to the older institution. So the British Columbia Express Company lived and prospered exceedingly in lean years and fat years.

PROMINENT MEN

All the prominent men of the Colonial regime—high officials, judges, lawyers, merchants, bankers, clergymen, doctors—travelled up and down the great road to and from the mines and the different centres of the interior. Matthew Baillie Begbie, G. A. Walkem, F. C. Cornwall, H. P. P. Crease, A. E. B. Davie, Edgar Dewdney, M. W. Tyrwhitt Drake, Peter O'Reilly, John Robson, J. H. Turner, F. G. Vernon, George Cowan, Ben Douglas, Sir James Douglas, Governor Seymour, Governor Musgrave, Captain Ball, Thomas Earle, John Grant, J. A. Mara, E. B. Marvin, Joseph Mason, Arthur H. McBride, Robert McLeese, D. B. Nason, David Oppenheimer, S. Oppenheimer, C. A. Semlin and a host of others were well-known figures on the road in the coaching days.

All these men were in the public eye or became prominent in after-years, and many of them achieved distinction, as their records show. With them travelled an unknown army of miners, adventurers, traders—all sorts and conditions of men, who helped to make up the cosmopolitan population of early days. And many of these also rose to distinction on their own merits, and became in after-years prominently associated with the development of their adopted country. Not a few of the men who toiled to the mines before the construction of the great road, with high hope in their hearts, returned poor and broken. But that is the history of all mining camps. Many followed the lure, but few realized all their anticipations. Yet the placers of the Cariboo have come to be counted among the richest of the world and fabulous sums were taken out by lucky miners from the beds of some of the creeks. "It may be interesting to His Excellency," writes Mr., generally known as Captain, Ball, assistant gold commissioner for the Lytton district, to the Colonial Secretary, under the date of October 1, 1861, "to hear of the almost fabulous amount of gold which was taken out of a claim on Lightning Creek, belonging to a man named 'Ned Campbell':

1st day.....900 ounces
2nd day.....500 ounces
3rd day.....300 ounces

and other days proportionately rich."

No lack of work, too, for those who did not care to stake claims, or had not sufficient capital to do so. Wages, ten dollars for a ten or twelve-hour day. If wages were high, however, so were the prices of foodstuffs and supplies. We are accustomed to grumble in these prosaic days at the high cost of living, and much has been written about it all in recent issues of the daily press; but what would the housekeeper of the present generation say if she were asked to pay sixty dollars for a sack of flour, or a dollar and a quarter for a pound of bacon, beans, or sugar? Tea and coffee were equally high, and eggs, fresh or otherwise, were a delicacy unobtainable but by the most fortunate of miners.

At a rude hostelry near Bald Mountain, familiarly known as "The Niggers," a meal of bacon, beans, slapjacks and tea cost two dollars and fifty cents, and glad were the miners to pay even so much for a "square" feed. All this, however, before the completion of the road. Naturally the cost of living dropped as soon as freight could be hauled into the mines at fairly reasonable rates. It was the long and hazardous journey over rough and tortuous trails that skied the prices.

But I was speaking of the men who had journeyed along the road. Now, not many of that little army are left. A few of them are

(*Continued on Page 155*)

The Vancouver Rowing Club

The reason that the people of the Liverpool of the Pacific look so healthy
Men formidable in boots or boats

By Robin C. Baily

A VARIETY of excellencies contribute to Vancouver's giddy eminence among the cities of Canada and the world.

The complete list would occupy many columns, and while it might be highly informative would prove like a dictionary—disjointed reading.

One of the city's strongest attributes is undoubtedly the health of the population. Vancouver folk look fit. Some sensible person has said that health is the basis of all greatness; it cannot be denied that it is of happiness.

From the pink-cheeked typists and store girls, who trip down to the city in the morning, to the lumber and real estate kings, every one in the Liverpool of the Pacific looks breezy and well. The biggest hustlers in the tallest skyscraper have a brawny, bronzed appearance that tells of exercise and open air. Even the young men, who have the usual elaborately expensive appearance of their kind, display an attractive athletic fling in their movements not to be observed in the youth of less fortunate cities.

What is the secret? There must be an explanation. There is. It's the Vancouver Rowing Club.

If the reader is a sedentary person, and one of those rarities in an Anglo-Saxon country who reads the editorial columns or mere cable intelligence of his newspaper before he turns to the sport page, it is possible he has not heard of this famous institution. In that case, now's his chance. Like a great many other successful organizations, not excepting those going concerns the British Empire and the United States, the Vancouver Rowing Club is the result of an amalgamation.

In days gone by the interests of the rowing enthusiasts of the community were diffused by the activities of two sets of oarsmen—the Burrard Inlet Rowing Club and the Vancouver Boating Club. The first had its headquarters on the sheet of water from which it took its name, just west of Burrard street, while their rivals launched their galleys from a float at the west end of the Canadian Pacific Railway's wharf.

For many years competition was desperately keen, first one organization and then the other dominating the situation. There are those who believe that the rivalry then existing was more stimulating than the present state of affairs. But the majority of sportsmen—and sportswomen for that matter—are agreed that the ambition to keep the city colors flying at the mast at the regattas of the North Pacific Association of Amateur Oarsmen is sufficient spur to any man who is willing to do his best at the business end of an oar.

The association that has done so much for the aquatic athletics of the Pacific coast was formed in 1891-2

The Burrard Inlet Rowing Club was invited to send two crews to Portland's regatta. This they did. The junior boat won easily, and the senior men would have triumphed, too, had not the stroke fainted when the victory seemed safe. The men who rowed on this historic occasion in the senior four were J. A. Russell (stroke), Albert Henderson, (3), P. W. Evans (2), and F. R. McD. Russell (bow). The jubilant junior men were F. R. Mc. D. Russell (stroke), H. Quigley (3), H. W. Kent (2), and Alex Marshall (bow).

V. R. C. RUGBY TEAM—MILLER CUP CHAMPIONS

During the interludes between the races it was decided to establish an organization to control amateur rowing on the coast. Portland had the honor of providing the first president, Willamette the initial vice-president, but the secretary-treasurer was Mr. G. M. Callender, of Burrard Inlet. G. W. Campbell, of the same club, was on the executive, and W. F. Salsbury and J. M. Burton of the Vancouver Club were members of the same body. From the start the Vancouver oarsmen have more than held their own in the strenuous encounters with the Vikings from down south. Every trophy within their reach has at various times been won by the red and white colors, and since 1898, when local rowing men merged their interests in the city clubs, the pennons of Vancouver have been more often in the van than those of any of their formidable but friendly rivals.

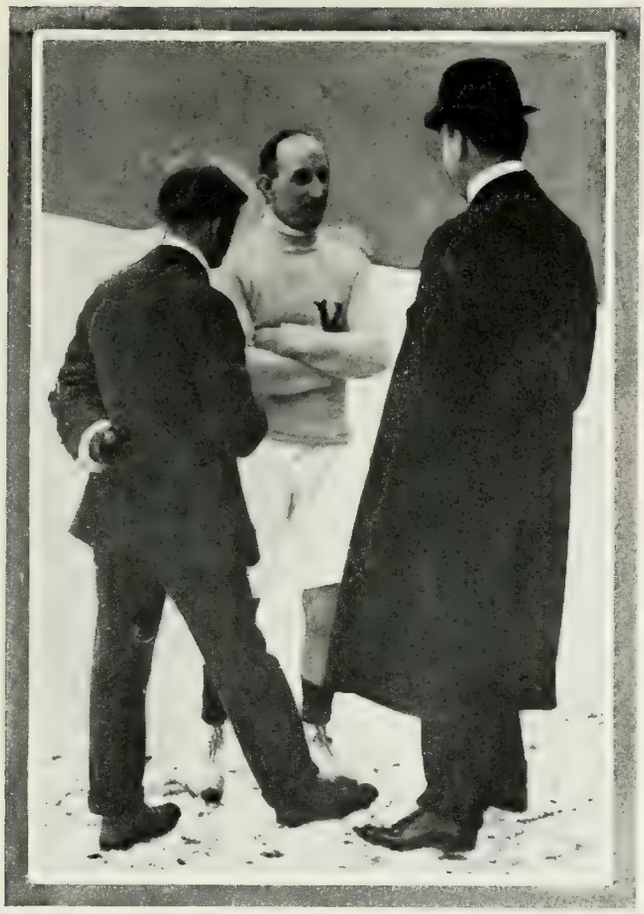
In fact, the club that will this summer entertain its guests in one of the most spacious, completely-equipped and handsome aquatic pavilions in the world has well won the proud title of the "Leander of the Pacific." One of these fine days they mean to cross the "pond" and have a go at those other Leanders who sport pink on Old Father Thames.

Many of those now filling distinguished positions in the life of Western Canada acquired their grit at the row-locks of the two old clubs. To mention but a few at random there are: J. H. Senkler, K. C., Rev. H. G. Clinton, Mr. Bryan Williams, Mr. J. H. Bowell, Mr. H. H. Watson, M. L. A., Mr Harry Alexander, Mr. J. A. Russell, K. C., Mr. F. R. Mc.D. Russell and George Seymour.

Mr. Herbert Kent was a member of Burrard's famous four, who went everywhere and whacked everything, and he merits a paragraph all to himself. He has been for many years secretary of the North Pacific Association of Amateur Oarsmen and the good work that has been wrought by its government is largely due to his good qualities and efforts.

With the exception of last year, when the local men sustained something in the nature of a debacle and lost every race, the Vancouver men have recently fully maintained their traditions. In 1909 a four—Mr. S. C. Sweeny (stroke), B. R. Gale (3), G. N. Stacey (2), and N. C. Sawers (bow)—swept all before it at Seattle. A crack crew was sent up from San Diego, Southern California, on purpose to pulverize the Canadians, but it was not the Maple Leaf that came in second.

This famous regatta, which was held in honor of the Alaska-Yukon exhibition, was also marked by the victory of Vancouver in the junior singles and fours. Mr. H. Sinclair pulled off the former event and



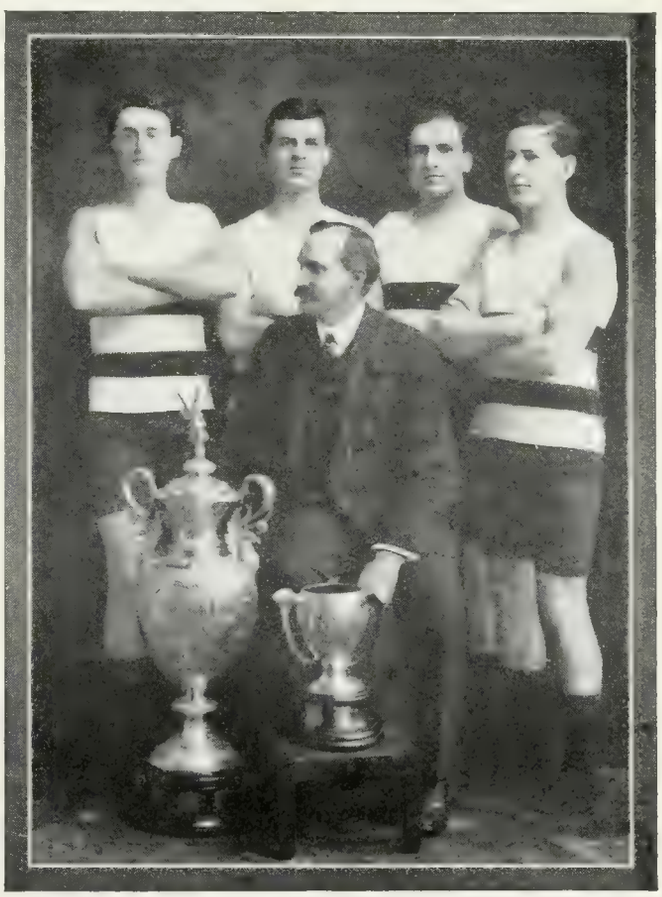
R. B. WOODWARD, V.R.C.
THE CLUB'S BEST BOOSTER

the winning four were S. C. Sweeny (stroke), J. R. A. Moore (3), G. N. Stacey (2), G. E. Chaffey (bow).

The club is exceedingly fortunate in its present officers. They successfully carried out the campaign among the old and new members that has resulted in the erection of the new boathouse, and have generally proved worthy inheritors of the honors passed on to them by a long line of good men.

The president, Mr. Campbell Sweeny, is a banker by profession, but a keen rowing man by habit. The vice-presidents have all pulled to victory and could probably put up a very good race today if they had to. Their names are: Geo. Seymour—as keen as the youngest member of the club; G. B. Harris, F. R. McD. Russell and H. W. Kent. G. N. Stacey, the secretary, is not a mere pen-pusher: he is one of the best oarsmen in the club, and as for pushing, watch him in a rugby scrum. J. Fyfe Smyth is the keen executive head that a club wants. He has won many championships, both rowing and sculling, in that land of athletics, Australia. He has two experienced seconds in command in N. C. Sawers and B. R. Gale. If these men had been at Cambridge or Oxford they would ave got their "blues" for rugby and rowing; as it is they have won their colors at these two great branches of sport for Vancouver.

They are not the only ones; quite a number of the members of the Vancouver Rowing Club are as useful in boots as they are in boats. During the last three years the men who make history on the water in summer have in winter decked themselves in striped jerseys of startling hues and chased the elusive rugby sphere. This now important side of the club's activities was developed three years ago. In the first season the men had rather an extraordinary experience and lost every game. Strange to relate, they were not discouraged. Some teams after such a story of disaster would have forsaken football for ping-pong or poker, but the Rowing Club men stuck to their boots, and last season did a trifle better, startling the critics by contriving to draw one match. This hardly sensational triumph stimulated them so much that this season they won ten matches out of ten



SENIOR FOUR, WINNERS OF BUCHANAN CUP, ASSOCIATION CUP, AND CHAMPIONS OF THE PACIFIC

GEORGE SIMPSON

games played, piled up a score of 186 points to 5, and generally accomplished the best record ever achieved by a rugby union team on the American continent.

The longest score was secured at the expense of McGill, who were obliterated by 39 points to 0.

This astonishing transformation of a team of incapables into one of invincibles is one of the strangest incidents in the history of football. If there had been wholesale changes in the personnel of the team the vast improvement would have been easy to explain, but as a matter of fact, with few exceptions the men who have this season done so well are the same players who suffered defeat with monotonous regularity during the two previous years.

The miracle was wrought by training. How it was done should be related to every school-boy team. The whole of the fifteen have during this season's campaign trained systematically. Twice a week they have had work-outs under the watchful eye of the captain and every man has been compelled to keep fit.

If a well-dressed and apparently sane citizen was this winter seen to take off his hat and suddenly sprint thirty yards or so at a break-neck speed when proceeding to business along a suburban thoroughfare, the residents were not alarmed. They merely observed to each other: "One of those Rowing Club boys."

Mr. T. E. D. Byrne, the captain, sums up the policy that has spelt success by declaring that a good man who refused to train was dropped for a less skilful exponent of the game who was keen.

Mr. Byrne, to whom the potency of the team is in great part due, received his teaching in that finest of all rugby nurseries, a great Scotch school. He was captain of the Royal High School fifteen, at Edinburgh, and therefore in his boyish days played against most of the best players in the British Isles. A long list of famous internationals received their early instruction at the "Royal High." Among them is Mark Morrison, regarded by some as the finest forward who ever booted the ball. Some of the wrinkles that Mr. Byrne has this season imparted to the Rowing Club men were picked up from Mark the irresistible.

Before proceeding with the play of the other members of the side, Reggie Woodward must be paid the tribute he so richly merits. The Rowing Club rugby club has been described as "Reggie Woodward and trimmings." He it was who in times of stress stood firm and kept the flag flying. Now that a pleasant period of prosperity has been reached, the hats of those who have the great game of rugby at heart come off with alacrity. He is the club's official booster.

Mr. Woodward was chiefly instrumental in arranging the international matches between Californian teams and Victoria and Vancouver, which have done so much to stimulate an interest in the game.

The last line of defence of the fifteen is provided by S. C. Sweeny, a son of Mr. Sweeny, the president of the club. This fine full-back is a Canadian, but learned the game at Haileybury College, England, one of the best rugby nurseries in the Motherland. His methods are unorthodox but effective.

The most brilliant of the three-quarters is unquestionably G. R. Roberts, of Tonbridge School, who has worn Blackheath colors. His dazzling, dodgy runs have been one of the features of the season of 1910, and when playing with men who know the game he is unquestionably one of the

SWIFT ON LAND AND WATER

most dangerous rugby players that have been seen west of the Rockies. The crowd emits a mighty roar, "There goes Roberts—he's over." Such has been a frequent incident at the big games in the fight for the championship this year. The way the half-backs treated him in the only game he was able to play against Stanford College would have been ludicrous if it had not been a tragedy. J. K. Johnson has represented Vancouver for several years and is a most useful and unselfish player. O. C. Sawers, the left three-quarter, is regarded as the most consistently effective winger on the coast. Fleet and clever, he has all the artifice of the Welsh "threes" and is especially a master of the much-feared "cross-kick." For an appreciation of Sawer's skill, address Stanford University, California. They know; they have met him on the field.

Mr. T. E. D. Byrne, the captain, operates at outside half. He has been the pivot upon which the movements have turned that have meant so many victories to the team; in fact, he has been as useful through his play on the field as his coaching has been during work-outs and practices. The slow lobbing catch that the other side can snap up is not included in Mr. Byrne's repertoire. They gave a hundred lines of Greek verse to the youth who committed this rugby offence at the "Royal High."

Norman Sawers is the inside half, and his tenacious tackling, sure kicking and rapidity have rendered him a treasure. The pack averaged in weight 186 pounds and moved like greased lightning, and experts who have played in good company think this season's forwards would hustle some of the best sides in the Old Land.

Among the front rank who have been most prominent is Andrew Ross, an old Scotch international. His knowledge has been invaluable and he has always been in the van with the youngsters.

C. Macdonald was a member of the All-Canadian team that visited Britain some years ago. He is still going very strongly and in a forward rush is worth double his weight in gold. R. O. G. Bennett, H. A. Mathews, R. B. Gale, one of the best of oarsmen and a Toronto Argonaut with Henley honors; G. N. Stacey, the Admirable Crichton who does all things well, from writing notes asking men to turn up and practise to bowling over a full-back; George E. Chaffey, who has rowed for the last three years in the senior doubles; G. H. Davies, who makes up what he lacks in weight by skill; and H. G. N. Wilson, a thoroughly hard worker, combine to form an irresistible scoring machine.

George Simpson, who has played several times, deserves special reference because he has achieved fame for the club in other spheres. Swimming in the organization's name he won the half-mile championship of British Columbia in 1909, and in 1910 lost by only a second. With George E. Chaffey he won the junior doubles last year at Seattle.

The pack proves strong in pushing or heeling and is capable of a whirlwind rush when it is required. On occasions they transform themselves into eight three-quarters and pass like New Zealanders.

It may be pointed out that the rowing element of the club is predominant in the pack, hence its grit and go. These two qualities are generally regarded as the outstanding features of the race that has built up the British Empire.

In that case the Vancouver Rowing Club, which is producing straight-limbed, clean-cut, determined young men, is inspired by the best kind of Imperialism.

The Grouse Mountain Trail

By Charles Dickens

A COLD chill runs up and down your spine as you look across the inlet at the mountains on a rainy winter day. Heavy clouds bank themselves about the peaks of Grouse and Crown and all the slopes beneath are blanketed deep with snow. The view is not inviting to a man of slippered ease. But there comes a day when your friends of the Mountaineering Club pursuade you to make an ascent of those very slopes that crouch in cold disdain beneath their weight of snow and fog. For it is a custom with these hardy climbers, in spite of any weather, to spend their week-ends at an aerial rendezvous on the western ridge of Grouse mountain. Half way up they have their cabin, high enough to give a grand outlook, but not too high to make the tramp too tiring.

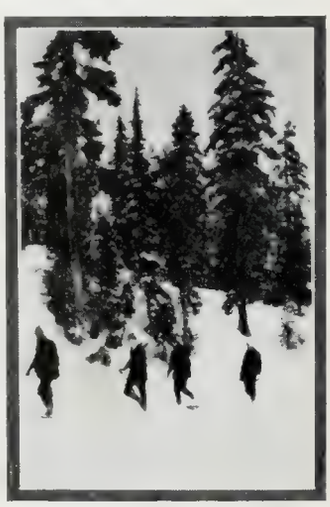
In preparation for the trip you buy a pack strap—which can be had from any harness dealer—some oilcloth covering for your blankets and a heavy pair of shoes well studded with Hungarian nails. A flannel shirt and a heavy woollen sweater are almost indispensable, and the oldest clothes you have are best to wear. A little patience is required to make a proper pack with blankets folded about the grub. This should not be too long, and should be adjusted high up on your back.

From the ferry wharf at North Vancouver the street car crawls its upward way to Twenty-second avenue, and here you make the start. From the end of Lonsdale avenue the route follows the new waterworks road leading northwest into Mosquito Creek valley. Thus far the rise is gradual, but here the road becomes a trail, and the first hard work commences when the creek is crossed. In spite of your "excelsior" expression you wish that you were back in your little trundle bed, as you toil painfully up the hog's back below Trythall's cabin.

But when you strike the western trail that leads across the face of the mountain, you get relief and begin to really feel that life is good to live. You walk upon clean crisp snow through a forest of powdered "Christmas trees" and the air is fresh and good to breathe.

The log cabin of the Mountaineering Club is placed at the top of a wide scar of broken rocks which long ago crashed down and made a path between the trees. A little spring at one side runs clear and cold through summer and winter, and this precious water and the open space which affords the view were the features which decided the Mountaineering Club to build their first cabin on the spot.

And what a view! Mountains and harbor, and city and delta and sea, and then more mountains, spread themselves out far below. The white ghost peaks of the Olympics merge themselves into the clouds; the wide Gulf of Georgia appears like a long narrow channel, with here and there small wisps of smoke that mark the course of steamers, the great boats themselves being merely specks upon the waters, or even entirely unseen below the horizon. Mount Baker away to the southeast thrusts its mighty bulk into the sky. Boundary Bay and Point Roberts are distinctly seen, and nearer still, the broad reaches of the Fraser, flowing out



THROUGH A FOREST OF POWDERED "CHRISTMAS TREES"

"AND WHAT A VIEW!"

through fertile delta lands whose soil will help to feed the ever-growing thousands in the city at your feet. Vancouver—a relief map of squares and angles and shore-line curves—a city reduced to pocket size, and with a harbor shrunken to a little shallow pond, so it seems, where boys could sail toy boats. A faint sound of rushing water comes from far below where the wooded valley of the Capilano opens back to the very feet of the lions. These great white twin peaks, whose solemn, stately heads forever watch and guard the western gateway, surmount a picture that would bring the mingled feelings of delight and then despair to the heart of any painter. For what great artist could reproduce, with every color and detail perfect, such a scene?

Two hundred feet below, and at the top of one of those numerous bluffs that break the western face of Grouse mountain is what is known as the "Perpendicular Farm," where an older cabin built by six hardy pioneers holds place with spruce and cedars on a narrow shelf of rock. On any sunny day both cabins can be plainly seen from the streets down in the city.

But a day of changing weather from this high-flung coign of vantage gives a greater depth of interest to the mountains. Distinctly seen one moment are the million bristling trees that stud the nearer foot-hills like quills upon a porcupine, and every tortuous twist of Capilano canyon lies plain to view. One moment more and all this scene is blotted out like drawing down a blind before a window. The thinnest veil of wind-blown mist will bring this startling change which only lasts an instant before the cloud is burst apart and everything appears as plainly as it was before.

The cabin of the British Columbia Mountaineering Club is large and roomy, with a great stone fireplace at the rear and a wide verandah in front. The toil of many months was necessary to complete the building, from the cutting of the logs and the raising of the walls to the final furnishing. The cast-iron range, the windows, and all the cooking utensils had to be packed on broad backs for every foot of the distance from the ferry wharf. Tables and benches are rough-hewn cedar, and serve their purpose well. Overhead at both ends are the bunks made of the useful cedar shakes with ladders for climbing up.

On Christmas and New Year's Day dinner includes oyster stew, roast turkey and pudding, and all the trimmings such as city dwellers enjoy, and this dispels your previous conception of a bleak and inhospitable Grouse mountain. Dinner over, the snowshoes are taken down from where they hang suspended from a beam. For bush rats are voracious and make short work of any deerthong left within their reach.

You tumble out upon the hard-packed snow for a snowshoe tramp with the others, to return from higher altitudes late in the afternoon, your cheeks aglow with color and the fresh red blood pulsing to every part of your body. You have glissaded down steep slopes so fast that the flying snow has fairly blinded you. You no longer think of your toil of the morning. The spell of the great out-of-doors is upon you, and you realize the joy of living that you have never known before.

Likewise you enjoy the evening singsong around the immense fireplace, and everyone contributes his or her bit to the general entertainment.

Outside the air is still and cold, and the steep white mountain-side drops away below you. Far down and beyond the tops of the farthest trees are a million twinkling lights of a fairy city such as you dreamed about when you were very young and very happy. If the outlook was beautiful by day, still more beautiful is it by night.

To sink to dreamless sleep on the soft side of a cedar board requires a little practice. Between each forty winks you hear the scurrying feet of a chipmunk who delights in rambling through the rafters. The great log fire gradually dies and all sounds cease. No, not quite all, for a nasal solo in low C is your last conscious remembrance of a perfectly good party.

The Town That Was Born Rich

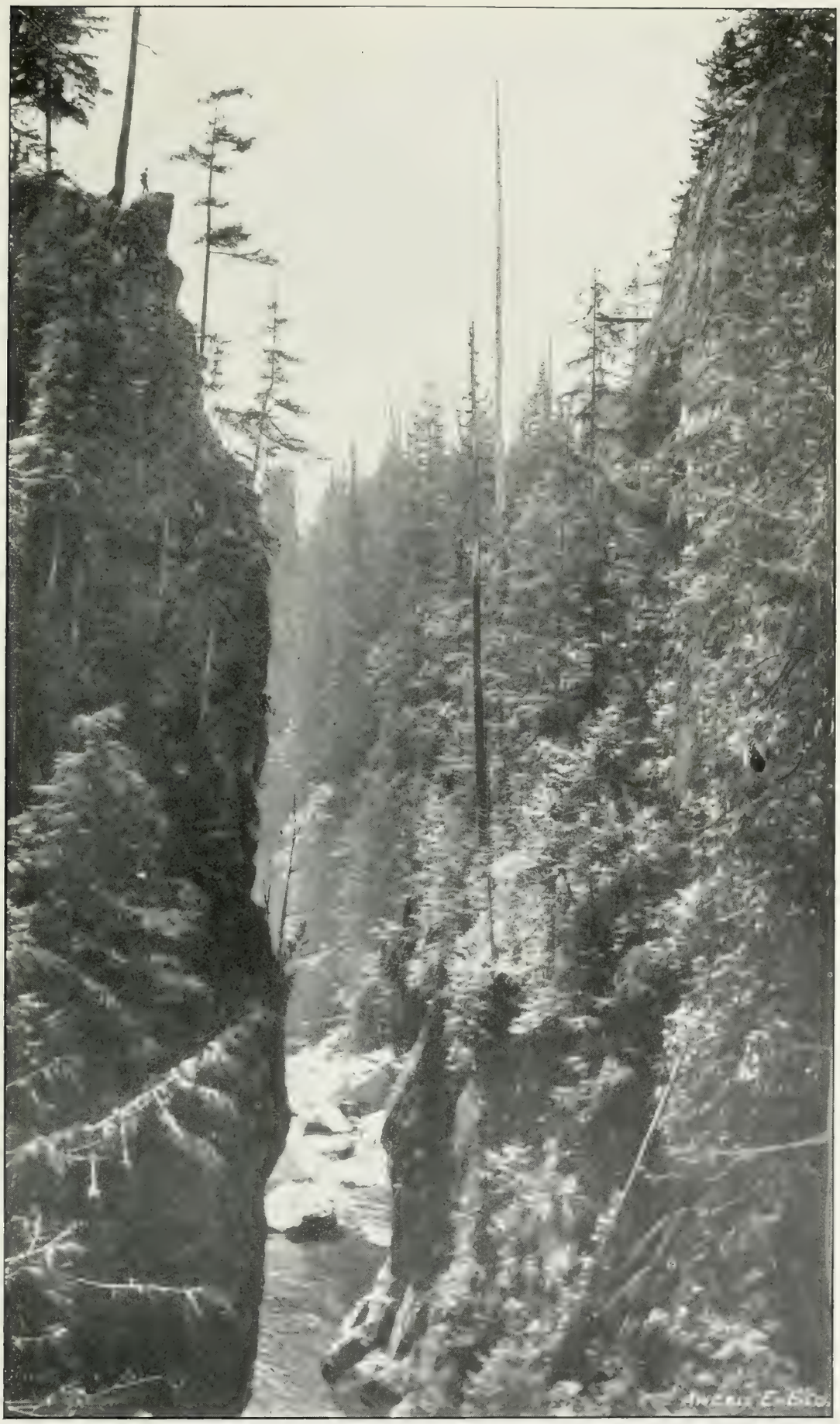
NORTH VANCOUVER has finer mountain scenery in her back yard than any city in America, but the fact that she has a thousand acres of tide-flats suitable for wharves and railway terminals is much more important.

The site of North Vancouver writes upon the mind of the visitor an impression of general fitness for city-building that is hard to efface. Most towns make their own pace in growth, or are helped by railways or harbors, or are handicapped by nature, but nature is North Vancouver's pacemaker in the race toward cityhood. Every advantage of topography and situation that a young city could have is in possession of North Vancouver.

Lonsdale Avenue, with its feet in Burrard Inlet and its head in the picture-characted mountain forest, divides the city into two parts. Above, on these smudgy winter days, the snow-sheeted mountains faint into the sky; below, the city comes down to the water's edge in ruled streets of orderly buildings, all keeping step like instruments in tune. The ground upon which North Vancouver is built slopes like a lawn to the harbor, and across the Inlet's blue width, when the light is clear, the long panorama of Vancouver is painted in profile against the soft and smoky sky. Looking down from the head of Lonsdale Avenue will give an adequate idea of the beauty and practical character of North Vancouver's natural situation.

No city of North Vancouver's growth has a fresher and more stirring life, and there is none from whose strong beginning radiates brighter vistas of promise for the future. The whole extent of Burrard Inlet's north shore was prepared by nature for and is predestined in the course of commercial events to be the site of great industries. This is as certain as the familiar processes of nature itself, and will work out as surely as the fulfilment of natural laws. The men who take North Vancouver seriously do not think of the future city as an annex of Vancouver. On the firm foundation of natural advantages they are building a city of entirely separate commercial identity.

The beginning of the future expansion will be the construction of the great Second Narrows bridge, now assured beyond any doubt. Prices of north shore property have already risen in anticipation of the industrial activity the bridging of the Narrows will bring about. The neighboring of the two Inlet cities by this bridge will be logically followed by the building of a shore-line railway, probably extending from the North Arm to Howe Sound. The enormous and difficult undertaking of a tunnel beneath the First Narrows is the ultimate intention of the builders of the bridge and the railway. The apostles of progress who are the working force in the Burrard Inlet Tunnel and Bridge Company have large minds. When the work which they have begun is finished they will have wrought great things and made a city. Directed by steady wills, their great plans are already taking definite shape. It will cost many millions of dollars to carry out their projects, but it does not seem too much to say that they will add in the course of time ten times as much to north shore assessment values. Many large industrial enterprises are looking forward already to the construction of the bridge and the building of the railway and the conditions which will in time follow the completion of the bridge and active work on the railway. North Vancouver is bounded on three sides by deep water, and of over forty miles of continuous shore-line twenty or more are either suitable or adaptable for hollow warehoused wharves where great ships may load and unload the merchandise of sea-



By courtesy of Mahon, McFarland and Procter

CAPILANO CANYON, NORTH VANCOUVER

By courtesy of Mahon, McFarland and Procter

THE BEGINNING OF NORTH VANCOUVER

trading nations. Here in the future the trains will meet the ships. Vancouver itself has only ten miles of waterfront available on the Inlet for shipping. On the north side of the Inlet there are still over fifteen miles of useful seaboard unappropriated, but this will not be true very long. Several railroads will probably use the big bridge to stretch their lean steel fingers to the wharves of North Vancouver.

Beginning its life as a city in 1907 with 1,500 inhabitants, North Vancouver has grown in three years to a considerable settlement of 5,000 people, to which the municipal district can add another 500. But the growth of population is as nothing when compared with the increase of the assessed value of city property. In 1910 it amounted to twenty-two million dollars. Such splendid security might have tempted the city to mortgage its future too heavily, but so far this danger has been avoided. The general debt of the city totals $600,000, and that of the municipality $75,000, with $40,000 more in the shape of a water loan. Both city and district raise their money in the same way, by a general tax on land values determined yearly. No tax is levied on improvements, an exemption well calculated to encourage the development of the district. With some additions in the shape of licences and rates for special purposes revenues of $120,000 and $62,000 are raised respectively by city and municipality. With this money improvements have been steadily pushed forward.

North Vancouver can boast one of the best water supplies in the country. Brought direct from the Lynn valley, the supply is conducted to the city by the simplest of gravity systems, the fall of the ground obviating any engineering difficulties. Further improvements of this supply are planned, and a new main is to be built at the cost of $40,000. This will provide amply for the increasing growth of the city. In this connection might also be mentioned the approaching construction of a complete sewage system. Work has been started, the cost of nearly $60,000 being borne partly by the city and partly by a rate levied on the inhabitants of the district benefiting directly from it.

But North Vancouver does not draw the line of her modern improvements here. The tramway system has already eight miles of line in operation, and a further extension to the Capilano line is to be begun very shortly. The British Columbia Electric Railway Company operates its line in North Vancouver on a fifty-year franchise. The same company also furnishes current for the street and residential lighting systems.

The young city is taking on the character of an industrial town. East of the city, the Imperial Car Shipbuilding and Drydock Corporation are constructing a large sawmill and planning a big drydock and other industries not small in character.

The activity of the Wallace Shipyards, Limited, and of MacDougall and Jenkins makes it evident that the shipbuilding industry has already obtained a strong foothold on the north side of the Burrard Inlet, for there has been for some time in operation a shipyard at North Vancouver where small wooden craft have been built, and where coasting craft could be overhauled. Yet until recently there has not been a plant capable of the construction of steel vessels or of repairing vessels on a large scale. In this respect history is now being made by the firm of McDougall & Jenkins, and today the first steel vessel built in Vancouver is reaching completion on their ways, and plans are projected which will enable them to build steel vessels of larger size.

Of existing industries, Wallace Shipyards, Limited; McDougall & Jenkins Iron Works, Limited; Seymour Lumber Company, Limited; Lynn Valley Lumber Company, Limited; Capilano Lumber Company; North Vancouver Lumber Company, Limited; British Columbia Powder Works; Granite Quarries, Limited; the Northern Cannery, and the Eagle Harbor Cannery are perhaps the most important. Five or more lumber companies are at work in the rich timber lands which lie behind the north shore. Three mills are at work. The timber supply which is being tapped will endure these and other attacks without any noticeable diminution of the immense forests which are to be found within the 160 square miles of which the district is composed.

Schools accommodating over 400 pupils, churches of every denomination, two banks and a sufficiency of stores and modern hotels

By courtesy of Mahon, McFarland and Procter

CLEARING LAND BY STEAM

complete the account of the present prosperous condition of this thriving young city. A park of thirty-nine acres, to be situated in D. L. 547, enclosing a beautiful ravine, is already embodied in a bylaw. This setting aside of open space for the future is one of the wisest provisions which a young city can make.

Forty miles of streets and twenty-three miles of sidewalks have been built within the city limits, and from sixty to one hundred miles in the municipality. The road question is receiving the attention of the municipal council every day. This is the most important question with regard to the development of the district. Until the means of transportation are perfected the mining enterprises can only carry on their operations under grave disadvantages. The copper properties of the Lynn and Seymour valley are of considerable value, and new discoveries may be made any day as the opening up of the country continues. Another industry which will also benefit by the extension of the road system is that of fruit and vegetable farming. The southern slopes of the district lend themselves to small fruit farming, and the nearness of the great market of Vancouver offers great opportunities of profit to the enterprising man.

There is a time in the life of many a young city when it outgrows its name, and when its name retards, in a measure, its expansion. The names of many towns are changed for this reason. The time has come for North Vancouver to change its name. The suggestion of its present name is that North Vancouver is a suburban tag of the big city on the south shore of the Inlet. This name is a weight to carry and should be thrown overboard.

Every form of summer outdoor recreation and land and water sport waits in North Vancouver and its vicinity for the man happily endowed with leisure and a little money. In all America the invalid or he who seeks rest could find few more wholesome sanitoriums. The city's water is that of melting mountain snows. The wind that accosts you in the street is the same wind, heavy-winged with the salt of the sea, that dogs the flying billows which dance round the curve of the world. For the quiet man who takes his pleasure in the midst of God's trees and clean hills, and whose creed and canon are nature-lore, North Vancouver has green woods and mountains at her very porches. One hears tales of fishing within an hour of the city that are not legendary. North Vancouver is the Hesperides of the canoeist, the sailer of boats, the yachtsman and the power-launch enthusiast. The botanist, the bird-lover, and the naturalist can find in the green book of the mountains new chapters to explore. The man or woman seeking romantic and enchanting mountain scenery discovers in these deep hills views and prospects grand and inspiring, or of etched beauty as unsubstantial as mirage, inspiring grandeur hymning the might of God, embattled mountain walls like castles of legend, or deep-shadowed canyons where elves in mouse-skin coats might dance still to Pan's piping. But here in the mountains one humble sketcher of idyllic scenes lays down his pencil in dismay.

People have allowed the real estate operators to make their own valuations of property, and prices certainly are high. But the growth and development of the town will justify the high prices.

Look at a real estate operator's blueprint and you will see that North Vancouver is a very intelligently laid-out town. Many of the lots marked on the blueprint are still in the shaggy forest and you'd have to look for them with a transit, but they're there, all right, and worth the money, too.

It is impossible to write anything about North Vancouver that does not sound as if it were written to advance the interests of the real estate operators.

There is a great deal of activity in building operations, nor only in structural steel and brick and cement: the hammer and the saw are fifing and drumming a merry tune, and new houses are getting built as fast as carpenters working eight hours a day can make them out of yellow lumber.

The town looks straight at the sun and the garden vegetables are two weeks earlier than in Vancouver. Also it is warmer all the year. The bulky mountains stand with their huge backs humped to the north wind, sheltering the baby city on their southern slopes. If natural scenery were appraised, the friendly range of mountains would be valued at an enormous price in real money by North Vancouver.

SECOND LYNN CANYON By courtesy of Mahon, McFarland and Procter

By courtesy of Mahon, McFarland and Procter

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING—GROUSE AND CROWN

By courtesy of Mahon, McFarland and Procter

SEYMOUR CANYON

Outwitting the Bailiff

By J. H. Grant

"THERE'S no justice in the thing, no justice," repeated the farmer, and a note of despair trembled in his voice. "You have my first payments, and you took back the machinery while it was almost as good as new, yet you present me with the same old bill."

"It's just this way, if you want to know," snapped Grundy, head agent for the M. & H. Machine Company, "the original debt is still unsettled, because the cost of seizure, bailiff's fees and one thing and another amounted to more than the worth of the second-hand machinery. We mean to collect that debt in full, Mr. Morrison, and you're likely to have Bailiff Keener's company during threshing time. That's all I have to say."

Morrison could scarcely avoid a shudder at the mention of the name "Keener," for during those hard years on the prairie it was a synonym for ruin and cruel oppression. Once more he offered to pay the debt if a fair price was set upon the returned machinery and the amount of his first payment credited to him. But it was no use. The agent saw his chance of a "rake off" and clung to it. The farmer walked dejectedly toward the door. On the threshold he halted.

"Mr. Grundy," he said, "can you say truthfully that I ever tried to deal crookedly with you? Since I came to the prairie have I not tried to work on the square and support my wife and family as an honest man should?"

The agent, startled a little out of his usual unconcern, looked up quickly. "Oh, well, Mr. Morrison," he answered, "that's neither here nor there; I'm not discussing morals and domestic virtues today," and he whirled his office chair about with an ominous bang.

It was late afternoon when Morrison drove into his farmyard. His wife came out to greet him, her face pale and anxious.

"It was no use, dear," he said in answer to her unspoken question, "they want everything. I have never done such a thing in my life, but unless I can cheat them it means ruin to us." He watched her

tate closely as he proceeded. "I have been around by Graham's, and his machine will be here tonight."

Mrs. Morrison started and her pale face flushed, but she said quietly, "If you think it is right, George, I'll do my part."

In the dusk of the evening the cavalcade appeared; the heavy engine ahead, drawn by four strong horses; the unwieldy separator next, then the caboose. The men in groups of twos and threes walked silently beside. Morrison met them and pointed out the first "set." A few minutes later the machine was in position. Two or three sheaves thrust into the firebox made the steam sizzle. The fly-wheel moved, the threshing cylinder hummed, and the dark sheaves began to drop from the tall stacks. There was no blowing of exhaust pipes, no screeching of whistles—every man knew his duty and every man understood. As soon as enough straw was threshed a great "buck" was drawn out a short distance and lighted. Then work began in earnest. The ruddy blaze silhouetted against the darkness without the dust-begrimed faces and sturdy bodies of the workmen. In its light flashed the ever-moving pitchforks and the shining surface of the great rubber drive belt. Wagon after wagon came, loaded, and disappeared into the night.

Several clumps of straw "bucks" gleamed white and vacant in the morning sun, and the machine reposed safely in Simpson's field across the road. The men breakfasted and turned in for a well-earned sleep. Afternoon saw threshing in full swing on Simpson's farm. The whistles blew, the cylinder sang its fierce song, and an air of vaunting industry pervaded the whole field. But after supper, when the silent darkness settled and the wild ducks scurried by to their marshy beds, the machine crept stealthily back to Morrison's fields.

Four days and nights was this programme carried out, and Morrison worked incessantly. His energy was feverish—he had everything at stake. Should the relentless company seize his grain the entire crop would be eaten up in expenses and he ruined. Could he finish threshing before Grundy became aware of his movements, he would save his wheat and be once more on his feet and able to make his creditors a cash offer. But Grundy and the bailiff were liable to appear at any moment, and well the farmer knew there would be no compromise.

Late Saturday night Morrison watched with grim satisfaction while the last pair of stacks melted from beneath the feet of the indomitable workmen. His iron frame felt its first great weariness. He began to relax, and the tension under which he had labored left him limp. His eyelids drooped, and in his fancy he saw his patient wife in her new fur coat and his children in their warm winter clothing. He smiled as he recalled his interview with Grundy.

"You'll pay dear for this nonsense, Morrison; you can't outwit me; I'll find where you have the grain stored. Your cursed, crooked work won't go with me," shrieked a cracked voice shrill with rage, and old Keener hobbled into the circle of light upon his distorted limbs like some species of ape.

The sudden appearance of the officer caused a chill to pass over Morrison's being, but he had every faith in the loyalty of the men, and he answered laconically, "Fire ahead."

"Where is that grain?" demanded the bailiff threateningly of the men on the stacks. Morrison noted with satisfaction that they answered him with an indignant stare. He could not, however, rid himself of a feeling of vague uneasiness as the officer slipped quietly into the shadow beside the bagger. A few minutes later Lanky Tom, chewing viciously at a straw, appeared from behind the carriers, ill news written upon his dusty countenance.

"Say," he began, but Morrison heard no more. There was a terrible uproar. By some mistake a weedy sheaf had been hurled sidelong into the cylinder teeth. The drive belt fluttered for a moment and flew off the flywheel. The engine, thus relieved of the stress necessary to drive the separator, broke loose. The crippled governors shot fifty feet in the air and pieces of metal flew in every direction. In the tumult some coals fell from the firebox, and before the startled men could collect their wits the flames were sweeping along the straw-strewn track to the separator. Morrison sprang to the grain wagon, drew the bolt, and leaving the wagon to the flames, hitched the horses to the separator. It was all over in a moment, and the men and

"THE CYLINDER SANG ITS FIERCE SONG"

horses stood panting at a safe distance. Suddenly from the flame-enveloped wagon a terrible shriek drowned the fierce crackling of the fire. A gust of wind fanned back the flame, and hanging from the hind wheel, his crooked leg securely caught in the spokes and his right hand clutching a bunch of papers, was old Keener, the bailiff. He was mouthing, gasping and waving his arms.

"Come on, men," shouted Morrison, buttoning his coat.

"He knows where the grain is stored. Shorty Watts told him for ten dollars," said a voice close to the farmer's ear.

Morrison knew now what Lanky Tom had heard in the shadow of the stack. A sickening feeling seized him; all his work and scheming had been in vain. He saw his cherished visions melt away. A nasty look hardened his features. Keener knows, he thought, but Keener will be dead in a minute, and dead dogs don't bark. It was only for an instant. Another gust of wind revealed the agonizing face of the imprisoned man, and in a twinkling the farmer had disappeared in the thickening smoke. He emerged in a moment beardless and blackened, dragging after him the unconscious bailiff.

Keener lay for some minutes in silence, breathing out fitful puffs of hot smoke. Then he raised his scorched eyelids and looked white-eyed at the grim faces around him.

"Who pulled me out?" he demanded in his usual peremptory tone.

"Morrison did it," said Lanky Tom, seizing the farmer who had slunk back to be alone with his chagrin, and dragging him up. "Blame fool he was, too, right after me tellin' him you knew where the grain was; nearly burned himself to death in the bargain. Hasn't got any more hair on his face than the bottom of a new fryin' pan."

Keener closed his smarting eyes and answered not a word. A buggy whirled suddenly into view.

"What the devil's this?" shouted the driver as he pulled up beside the little pile of straw where lay the unfortunate

bailiff. "What are you doing here, Keener? Where is this man's wheat? Ha, ha! Guess he tried his crooked work with the wrong party, eh, Keener?"

All was quiet, save a slight crackling of the fire as the stout wagon wheels crumbled into cinders. Morrison's last hope had died, but he stood dejectedly waiting for Keener to point to the hollowed-out hay stacks which at that moment held his six thousand bushels of wheat.

But the bailiff didn't speak. He gazed at the farmer and blinked hard with lashless lids, while over his blackened face there stole a look that had long been a stranger to it. It was tender, almost affectionate. He raised himself on his elbow and glared at the man in the buggy.

"I was outwitted," he lied softly; "all the wheat but the little that was burned in this set was shipped and sold before I got here. You can go to hell, Mr. Grundy."

The Fir Woods

BY C. D. G. ROBERTS

The wash of endless waves is in their tops,
Endlessly swaying, and the long winds stream
Athwart them from the far-off shores of dream.
Through the stirred branches filtering, faintly drops
Mystic dream-dust of isle, and palm, and cave,
Coral and sapphire, realms of rose, that seem
More radiant than ever earthly gleam
Revealed of fairy mead or haunted wave.
A cloud of gold, a cleft of blue profound,—
These are my gates of wonder, surged about
By tumult of tossed bough and rocking crest:
The vision lures. The spirit spurns her bound,
Spreads her unprisoned wing, and drifts from out
This green and humming gloom that wraps my rest.

The Logger

By Pollough Pogue

THE rain swept the Itswoot River like a great broom and the trail which followed the river bank seemed to be melting away in streams of water. The loggers who were going out from McCormick's camp might almost as well have been walking in the little river itself.

Six feet of health was Jake Gokey, who felt so well that it hurt him and was so strong that he moved with a trifle of stiffness because his trunk muscles were so heavy on him. They creaked as he walked. You would know him by his mouth, which was like a rusty knife-cut from chewing black tobacco. He stamped along the oozy road with great loose strides like the slouch of a bear. The grey-muzzled, old, swing-donkey engineer who walked beside Gokey was giving him some good advice.

"Yuh gotta good stake," said the veteran. "Don't blow her all in Milltown. It's not ne'ssary. Yuh cun be a good felluh, un' hev' a good time without spendin' yer 'hole stake. Buy yerself a good suit o' clothes, an' go home un' see your folks."

Gokey bellowed his great melodious laugh, more out of the joy that was in him than because he saw anything to laugh at.

"Don't yuh lose no sleep over me, Blackfellow," he answered. "Them Milltown hotel-keepers ain't goin' t' get all my stake. It's going t' take a good chunk of her a' buy my cloes. Un' I'm goin' home sure." He did not mention that besides his own clothes he intended to buy a silk dress for his mother. He felt a curious sinking at his heart when he thought of his tired little mother, and a sudden tenderness swept over him, for he was only a boy a long way from home.

But Milltown, the pine-board village at the mouth of the Itswoot River, is a harpy holding out the lure of "a good time" to loggers when they come out of the woods with their wages. If they take her lure, she holds them with the witchery that is in the whiskey bottle and the false standards of good-fellowship which it has made until their last cent is gone, and then they have run up a long score on the hotel-keeper's slate for future settling. Then, cheerfully cursing, the good-natured, careless giants go back to the woods again, to earn more. From the beginning they are committed to the toil of the woods, and it is predestined that they should spend their money in this way. This is their Kismet as it is plainly written.

The rain had stopped, but heavy clouds pressed low over Milltown like a great lid, and the night hung deep and umber over the village when the trampling boots struck the plank sidewalks in which the calks of hundreds of loggers had clawed the blithe annals of Milltown. A hairy bucker led the gang into McIlroy's bar, roaring a camp song:

"Jus' give us a drink, bartender, yu don't know how dry we are;"

And Gokey's great voice rang above everybody's:

"An' w'en we are drunk jus' throw us in our bunks for it's nobody's business but our own."

You really could not blame them very much for getting drunk. They were fine, healthy, unbitted animals with rudimentary brains and they had been in the woods for a long time, eating strong food and drinking strong milk from nature's wild breasts, and the spring had loosed a freshet of red blood in them. That night, and for a week they rioted as young stallions riot in spring, and it was not in a nature as easy-going and careless and joyous as Gokey's to put

any restraint upon itself, and his good resolutions were as the morning's mists that are dried up by the sun heat. After the first day he ceased to think of his mother and her silk dress or even of his own "suit of good clo'es." His strong-lunged, elemental mirth proclaimed that he was as good-natured as ever and no one took seriously his ringing comprehensive challenge: "I can lick any man that ever worked in green timber," repeated hourly with many picked words. Thrilling with whiskey he stalked gay in the thick rain from McIlroy's bar to the Big Swede's hotel across the bridge and back again a dozen times a day, with joyous howls. Milltown stopped its trivial tasks to consider him.

"Damn all these religious works!" he would roar, not meaning any irreverence, not meaning anything. It was a kind of slogan he had evolved from nothing in particular, in his brisk mind, with as much meaning in it as there is in the remarks of a bear. There was only one man in Milltown against whom there lay a grudge of his generous soul.

"Yuh see me." he would say to a group of admiring men, as leaning unsteadily against the bridge rail, he plucked match after match from his hat-band in vain efors to kindle the damp black chewing tobacco in his pipe. "Yuh see me! I'm big Jake Gokey from Spokane, where all the good men come from. That damn Sawyers, he thinks he can lick me. But he won't fight on Friday. Now whaddu know 'bout that, eh?"

But in spite of the immature whiskey, Gokey remained good-natured, only developing a kind of good-humored diablerie like that of a great, rough child in a schoolyard among smaller, weaker children. Only once did he strike a blow in anger, and then only after he had been struck. It was Sawyers who struck him in haste, and regretted it at leisure, in the hospital. It was on a night at the end of the week when Gokey met him on the bridge and started to argue with him.

Sawyers was something of a fighting man and he thought he saw a chance to increase his reputation. He had had enough whiskey to give him self-confidence, and he thought he would take advantage of Gokey's drunkenness. So he swung a long arm like a bludgeon, and the big, high-ridged knuckle-bones of his hoof-like fist ripped like a flint-axe at Gokey's eyebrow.

For a few seconds Gokey stood with every sense dazed. Then he felt the sudden blinding rage of a bear struck by a bullet. His huge, maul-like fist shot out like lightning under the impulse of the great horse-muscles and Sawyers dropped with a broken jaw.

It never occurred to Gokey's child-like mind that Sawyers was badly hurt, and he moved away with a contemptuous backward glance as the men who had seen the clash came nearer. He went to the town hall, where there was a dance, and sat on the front steps in the lamp-light that poured softly from the open windows, smoking a very bad cigar and listening to the swishing and beating of feet, the homely villainies of the eager fiddlers, and the mighty voice of the man who was "calling off" a square dance:

"Birdie hop out, and crow hop in.
Three hands roun' and go it agin.
Allemane left; back to pardner.
An' gran' right and left.
Chickadee right and meat-bird left.
Meet yer pardners and all chaw hay.
Gents shassay an' put on style,
Resash an' little more style,
Little more style, gents; little more style."

For a long time he sat there, the whiskey dying out of him, until the village constable came and arrested him, though with a kind of tremor in his voice, for he didn't like the job. But Gokey hung his head like a child caught in some mischief. "I didn't mean to hurt him. He hit me first," he said apologetically, and went quietly with the constable to the lock-up.

The Milltown lock-up was built especially for the safe-keeping of lumber-jacks who, having toyed too long with the Milltown whiskey, wish to set fire to the bridge, or change the location of the village on the map, by way of relaxation. When they have become heated by the incendiary hootch to the temperature of anarchy, they are shut up in the lock-up and left to cool off. It is a small, square, stone building, with walls two feet thick, as strong as a block-house. It has one door, as heavy and

thick as the door of a keep, and two windows barred with iron. In these bars lay its weakness, for the iron was only half-inch round, and soft. But no man of ordinary strength could have wrenched these bars from their solid setting in the cement and stone.

This was what Gokey did in the pride of his strength when he was alone.

"This place won't hold me," he thought, as he lit matches and examined the bars, which seemed frail to him, and pushed at them tentatively. "I don't have to stay here." He put forth his mighty strength, stiffening his great forearms, and bent the bars outward. Then he sprung them farther, loosening them in their sockets. Finally he wrenched them away and crawled through the window.

"They shouldda made them bars thicker," he said, laughing quietly down from his great height, when he was outside breathing the air of the free open night again. "If they wantta keep a real man in there, they certinally should make them thicker."

McIlroy's bar swarmed with shantymen and roared with carouse and foul talk, like the forecastle of a pirate ship. The constable was taking some whiskey on the strength of having arrested Gokey and locked him up. To a group of sympathizing men he spoke of the thing as if it were a feat worthy of legend.

"He was uglier'n a grizzly," said this truthful official, "an' he swore he'd never be taken alive, but I cowed him with my eye. Then I grabbed him and drug him to the lock-up. I guess I handled him kinda rough, but we've gotta show you loggers that you can't run this town."

Just then, silence fell in the murky den, as Gokey came unobtrusively in. In one hand he carried an iron bar from the lock-up window, crumpled as if it were a piece of wire. Quickly he walked over to the constable.

"I guess yer lockup'll want fixing," said Gokey, in his great voice, holding out the bent bar. "I guess I busted her gettin' out. If you wantta keep a good man in there, put some thicker bars in her." The giant, turning his head, threw a contemptuous glance around at the dark, hairy faces. "All I'm lookin' fer's a good time," he went on. "I don't wantta make no trouble nor hurt no one. So I'm goin' t' hit' th' hay road. I guess I'm too big for this town. There ain't room fer me here. I might hurt some of yuh felluhs if I stay here. So I'm goin' back t' the camp."

He spoke to the bartender. "Gimme a coupla bottles, Pat." Presently he received the brown bottles across the sloppy bar, and calling everybody up, paid for the drink and the whiskey and went out into the rain. At a store he bought canned meat and biscuits. Then, filling up his pipe, he strode out of the village, following the river trail which led to the camp, a darker shadow among the shadows that smudged the road.

"I sure am too big for that town," he thought. "It's a wonder I didn't kill some of them felluhs. Why did the Lord make me so big? It'll get me into trouble some day, sure. I'd better stay away from towns, an' leave whiskey alone: I'd better stay in the woods, where there's room. When I'm in town an' drinkin', I'm just like a big man playin' with a lot of kids. He's sure to hurt some of them. An' I don't wantta hurt anybody, I sure don't."

So Gokey's elemental brain labored with the problem that was widening his horizon of life. He was learning to think.

The Coast of Romance

THREE TALES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA LIFE

By Pollough Pogue

Yootlkut the Siwash

YOU will say that this is the story of Enoch Arden, but you are wrong. It is the story of Yootlkut, the giant, Winapee, his wife, and Chotub, the dwarf, and it won't take long to tell. A little salmon is soon canned, as the cannery Indians say, and a short story is soon told.

When Yootlkut came home and looked through the window and saw Winapee on Chotub's knee, the sardonic god whose drama is the lives of men laughed.

Early in the spring time, when the first-coming flowers are like caryatides holding up the blackened dead leaves, Yootlkut, a Nootka Indian, and Winapee, a soft-curved, brown-shaded girl, felt a new thing, but it was the old, old thing. Nature played her fatal witchery on them as she does on the salmon, and the seal, and their own wild neighbors of the squaw-brown woods, and the man and the woman did what all the others do—they mated. They homed in one of the little rain-grey shacks that flocked around a big cannery like sparrows around a barn.

Big-framed, bark-skinned Yootlkut, a great roughed-out man, belonged to that period in the human epic which lies at the very back of time. But little Winapee, the Siwash girl, was happy; he was good enough for her. Only the beads on her rosary knew how much she loved him.

Three years ago, at the close of the season, when the cannery shut down and told its Indian workers that they could go home and play, Yootlkut felt another thing, almost as strong, at the time, as the mating impulse. It was the coax of the "grizzly," which is a strong lure. There are two kinds of grizzlies, as miners say. One is a bear and the other is a bare way of making a living. That is a saying that has gone up and down the Yukon creeks, and wherever men seek the world's desire in the wash of the placer. A "grizzly," not a bear, but the bare way of making a living, is a thing constructed of wood used in placer mining because you can get more compotent results with it than with the pan. You may not get any more gold, but you wash more gravel, and, moreover, working a grizzly gives a man more exalted feelings than stooping or kneeling in the water rocking a pan of dirt. You feel that there is some kinship between you and the big dredge and hydraulic monitor, because the grizzly is a kind of machine.

Yootlkut felt the desire to go into the Yukon, and he didn't try to resist it. Winapee tried to keep him at home in the cannery shack. Not far away dwelt an old man, a conjurer, who dealt in charms and sorcery, in a country where magic is not yet out of date. Winapee visited him and stole a love charm, for you have to steal them or they won't work. If given or found or bought, they are worthless. But her love charm was not strong enough to hold Yootlkut. Good cooking might have held him, but the apogee of Winapee's cookery was baking powder biscuits, and she didn't always have baking powder. So Yootlkut went into the Yukon and disappeared, as far as Winapee was concerned.

The odyssey of his adventures will never be written, because no man knows his trail. I don't know whether it was the

wanderlust, the gipsy tendency that gets into the feet of Indians sometimes, and those of white men, too, for that matter, that kept him moving, but I know that he did not do much prospecting, or "grizzly" work either. That means staying still in one place, at least for a certain length of time, or at worst keeping to one part of the country, for at least long enough to eat up one grub stake. Yootlkut kept travelling, like the wandering Jew of coast Indian mythology, if it has one. The Yukon is a big country, and he made moccasin tracks all over it, from Skagway to the glacier-fronted beaches of the Arctic Sea. Winapee had made the moccasins. He had brought a dozen pairs with him, and they were good moccasins. If this were not a true story, I would say that it were the moccasins that made Yootlkut think of Winapee, but it really wasn't. Yootlkut had worn out the dozen pairs of moccasins long before he ever thought of Winapee in her cannery shack on the Naas River. It doesn't take long to wear out a pair of moccasins on one of those Yukon trails; ask someone who has never been there and he'll tell you all about them. Yootlkut simply got homesick, and when an Indian gets homesick, it isn't the common variety of homesickness. It's the acute kind.

Yootlkut was really very fond of his woman and of his home life. He really was afflicted with homesickness of a serious kind. In telling this tale I have adopted a certain flippancy of style. But do not think that the story is not a serious one. It was quite serious for Yootlkut. He had been away from home over two years. He had gone away with the admirable intention of finding gold. He had really done very little prospecting. But he had worked for reasonably long periods of time, for an Indian. He had worked as a dog-musher, and he had cut cordwood and worked in sawmills. He had carried the mail. He had a little money in his pocket when he took the steamer at Skagway to go home. He was looking forward with hungry anticipations to getting home. He did not think of what his wife might have done during his absence. She had worked in a cannery, of course. It never occurred to him to doubt that he would not find her in the cannery shack where he had left her. She would be expecting his return, he thought. He didn't think of how long she had waited for him to come back. He was an Indian. It was after dark when he came near the shack. Light shone from the windows. His big, simple child's heart sang within him. She was still there, of course. How glad she would be to see him at the door. But before he went to the door, with an Indian's caution, he tiptoed to a window and looked in. But a man was also there, a man he knew. It was little Chotub, who had been one of Winapee's admirers before Yootlkut had taken her for his woman. There sat Chotub, with coat and vest off, like one who was at home, and on Chotub's knee sat Winapee. As Yootlkut looked, the two laughed together softly, as if they loved each other.

Yootlkut turned away with a strange sick feeling in his heart. For a moment he pondered, thinking deep thoughts. Then he turned his back on the little shack and the big dark cannery building, and strode away.

The Story of Yan Pow

DO not blame me if this tale is written in a minor key. Yan Pow, the "political man," was a friend of mine and he was a full man. I learned about the Chinese from him.

Now his book is shut, and a girl in Pender street is burning sticks for him. There are girls in far Canton, too, who will burn a stick for Yan Pow when they know that he is dead. He had more of the human equation than most of his fish-blooded race.

If you don't know what a "political man" is, I'll tell you. There are just

now in China two great political parties and the fight is brisk between them. You might call one of them the part of No Change, that wants things to go on as they have for ages, in the good old mediaeval way and wants to keep the old superstitions, the old view-point, the old morals, the old ways of their fathers, and to keep the white men and the white men's ways out. The other party you might call the party of the Great Change. This party wants China to cut off its queue and tuck in its shirt and let the white men come and bring their money and build railways and irrigation canals and open mines and all that sort of thing.

The Conservative party has plenty of money, but the Progressive party has not enough to work with. Both the Chinese in this country and all over the world are deeply interested in the fight, and all belong either to one party or the other. The Chinese are keen politicians, and many of them are very patriotic. Both parties have agents and agitators and walking delegates and heelers here, plotting and conspiring and collecting money. "Political Man" is pigeon English for these workers. The money collected is almost invariably sent to China to the last nickel, for most of the Chinese are strictly honest in a business way, and they look upon this is a matter of business.

I said almost invariably for the money that Yan Pow collected, a considerable sum, will never reach China, but Yan Pow knew what to do to make amends. If you consider the circumstances of the case, and if you know the Chinese character, you will see that it was the only thing he could do. From the Chinese point of view, it was the only road left open to him. He lost the money and he gave his life as compensation and to clear the cloud from his honor and name, and the honor and name of his family and of his ancestors. From the Chinese view-point, the sacrifice of his life did this, and was the only thing that would. In many respects, the Chinese are a very admirable people. In most things they go to the very back of life and they live according to a code of rules as sound as the very logic of life itself.

There is to be no ornamentation to this tale. It will be told simply and in short words. It will have no color except the color of life, raw life, where the plaster has been knocked off and the lath shows underneath.

Yan Pow was a shoot from a very old Chinese family tree, who came to this country a year ago to branch out for himself. A simple arrangement of circumstances made him a "Political Man." His natural bent made him a gambler.

The smoothly flowing surface of Chinese life in Vancouver we know, but there are undercurrents of which no white man is aware. Of course, we guess at them and come close to the truth. The Chinese do not tell. Everyone knows the Chinese face, with its shifty eyes. Nobody would expect the owner of that face to tell anything. But the many stories about the sinister pernicious character of Chinese underworld life are mere fables.

Poker, fan-tan and opium-smoking and the wild pleasures of yellow and white man alike when they start in to have a good time: these are the worst that Chinatown hides. Yan Pow and his friends played fan-tan from 7 o'clock in the evening until midnight every day and sometimes all night.

Other games of chance become monotonous if played nightly, and produce themselves ever so far both ways, like Euclid's parallel lines. Even the sprightly and absorbing game of poker becomes a treadmill if you play it every night for six months. But the wicked fascination of fan-tan is such that the more you play it, the more you want to. It is richly dowered with the witchery that is in opium; there is an affinity between the two of them. When you begin either you simply can't quit.

Studying the drift of the undercurrents in the Chinese quarter, I became aware of the nightly fan-tan game which was waging between Yan Pow and his friends; later it became a struggle. Two or three Chinamen, with that in their pedigrees which kept them from being clean-strain never-quit sportsmen like Yan Pow, were eliminated about this time. Yan Pow, a fat old toad of a Cantonese, first explaining to me that there was no iniquity about fan-tan, and that people who thought there was, were putting a wrong construction on an innocent pastime, reported to me the progress of the game. It was going on in a little room at the back of his pool-room, and I went to

see. But Chinamen were crowded around the table fourteen deep; I could not see over their heads. But I knew that Yan Pow had over one thousand dollars which he had collected from sympathizers with the Progressive party in China. He had been stirring up interest, and going around with a subscription list for months, and the time when he would have to send the money to China, in the ordinary course of things, was almost at hand. I was troubled, for I liked Yan Pow.

I went away meditating on the inside nature of the Chinese and the strange pivots on which their character turns. The English poet who said that the proper study of mankind is man, would have felt more strongly about it if he had known the Chinese.

The next day I went out of town for a week, and when I returned I went to Tack Lun's place again and inquired about the fan-tan game.

"What fan-tan game?" asked Tack Lun. He knew nothing about a fan-tan game.

"The fan-tan game," I said, for it had been known in Chinatown as The fan-tan game, and still is. Tack Lun smiled a smile of childlike innocence. "Where is Yan Pow?" I asked. Tack Lun said he had gone to "Flisco." And that was all he would say.

The next day but one I met Fung-ling, a Chinaman whom I know well. "Where is Yan Pow?" I asked, and he told me. Of course, he said, I could not understand these things from a Chinese standpoint. Yan Pow had paid. Yes, he had lost at fan-tan the money that was not his—the money he should have sent to China. But he had settled the account. Fung-ling tried to explain to me the grim Chinese way of looking at these things. I thought I understood. It made me feel cold in the back of my head.

Gun Fow the Gardener

IN the book of life there are many chapters, but there is no space in them for such humble lives as Gun Fow's. His story is one of the footnotes.

When a Chinaman comes to Canada he is either very poor or very rich. When he goes back to China he is either rich or dead, or both. Gun Fow was very poor when he came from Canton, but he had with him that which he knew would make him rich.

In China, in the crowded Chai-sun province which crawls with human life, in the subdivision of Ki-un, near the village of Lun, Gun Fow had been a vegetable grower, cultivating one-half acre of ground with tools shaped of wood, exactly the same as the first cultivator used, dealing thoroughly with every square inch of soil and raising wonderful crops of Chinese vegetables.

You could not find any of these vegetables described in Canadian seed catalogues, or the botany books. Some are grown in this country by Chinese gardeners, others, as quaint and naive in character as the Chinese themselves, are shipped here from China, dried and pressed, being much desired by the Chinese.

You will wonder why these are not grown here, and this was what Gun Fow wondered, working bent-backed in his little field away over there in China. The man who bought his vegetables told him that they were dried and pressed and sent to Canada. Gun Fow knew a good deal more about Canada than we know about the part of China in which he lived. He knew that there were a great many Chinese in Canada, and that they paid high prices for the dried vegetables grown in China. The vegetable buyer told him that they had never been grown in Canada because no one had ever taken any seeds to this country, which was quite true.

"If the rich Chinese in Canada will pay high prices for dried vegetables, they will pay more for fresh ones," said Gun Fow. So he took seeds of all the things he grew in his field and put them in a jar. Then he sold his land and in the course of events

reached Vancouver, carrying his precious jar wrapped in a piece of matting. Every day the sun came out on the long voyage he had spread his seeds out on the deck to dry.

He had timed his coming so that he arrived in Vancouver early in the spring. Though he knew no English and had very little money, he said nothing to any of his countrymen in Vancouver of his intentions, and did not tell any of them what was in the jar. He wasted no time in the city. He was a farmer by instinct and hated cities, and the smell of the ground had got into his blood. His intuition, or perhaps it was the good feng-shui, his guardian spirits, guided Gun Fow out of the city into the country, and straight to a spot that suited his intention.

It was near Eburne that the little Chinaman, carrying in one long-fingered hand his pet bird in its cage, and in the other an old blanket containing two or three cooking tins, his chop sticks, a little parcel of rice and his jar of seeds, stopped in front of a little vacant shack beside the road, with the eye of experience looked at the patch of ground on which the shanty stood, pushed open the crazy door and entered the shack.

This was a most lucky landfall for Gun Fow. It was possibly the only available place he could have found in easy reach of the largest market in the country for his vegetables.

It had been a potato patch the summer before. Two Hindus, employed close by at land-clearing work, had lived in the shack and raised a trifling crop of potatoes. The dwelling's furniture, a rusty stove and a rickety bunk, was sufficient for Gun Fow. He took possession, swept out the shanty with the stub of a broom, kindled a fire in the stove, cooked and ate his rice, lit his pipe and inspected the ex-potato patch, which was as good a piece of soil as he could have hoped to find. With his honest heart full of peace and warm with thankfulness he lay down to sleep in the bunk, with his jar of seeds under his head, and the old blanket tucked around him.

When morning came he went forth carrying his seeds with him, hunted up a Chinaman who could speak English, found the owner of the last year's potato patch, rented it for the summer, the English-speaking Chinaman interpreting, and paid a month's rent. "What have you got in the jar?" asked the white man, noticing it. The English-speaking Chinaman did not know, and Gun Fow would not tell. He walked down the street until he came to a hardware store, and bought a hoe and a spade, noting with quiet satisfaction that the tools were much better than the primitive ones he had always been familiar with. Everything he had seen in this country gave him the same satisfaction, which was really a comfortable feeling of subdued elation. He realized more strongly every hour that in coming to Canada he had done a wise thing, in spite of his having had to pay the savings of half a lifetime for the privilege. All day he worked with his new spade turning over the moist-smelling soil. That evening he smoked his pipe with deep content and talked to his pet bird. He had hung the bird cage outside and he sat on the doorstep in the soft air that stirred warm and sweet on the hillside.

In due time Gun Fow appeared in Vancouver's Chinese quarter bearing two big baskets on a shoulder pole. The baskets were full of strange vegetables and herbs, which the Pender street grocers and their epicurean customers had never before seen in this country, except in dried form. With much plangent Cantonese and pigeon English they gathered round Gun Fow's baskets, eagerly bargaining for the truck which the seeds brought from China in the little jar had produced in the Eburne vacant lot, where the Hindus had raised a wretched crop of small potatoes the summer before. Gun Fow's prices were high, but his baskets were empty in a wonderfully short time, and that evening, counting his money with quiet joy, he decided that he could afford to buy a little opium, but not much, for he was a saving man. Next morning he rose early, refilled his big baskets, and before noon he was in the midst of New Westminster's Chinese population, surprising and delighting his countrymen there with fresh green stuff they had not seen since they had left China.

British Columbia Types

The Sikh Priest

WE will call him Bhai Singh, which means Mr. Lion. If you knew him you would say that this is surely a misfit name for so weak a man, but "Bhai" is a term of respect due to all priests, and all Sikhs are Singhs.

"Once a priest always a priest," runs the saying. But this priest has not always been a priest; he used to work day by day as a coolie, with sweat and backache, in the millyard, and he fears that some day he will have to go back to the millyard again.

The trouble with all priests is that they are men first and priests afterward. Much is expected of a priest, and a thousand priestly traditions hold him by the heel. This is why the priest can not go far enough away from some things to get them in the proper perspective, and can not get near enough to other things to see them at all. The lives of priests are allegories of human nature, and because they stand with one foot in heaven and one on earth their characters are fascinating to study, when they have any characters at all.

Bhai Singh is the priest of the Sikh temple in Vancouver, and preaches to the Sikh people in Punjabe on Sundays, and cooks the sacramental pudding, made of equal parts of flour, butter and sugar, of which all the Sikhs eat a portion, to show that they are of equal caste. Like many priests, Bhai Singh would put a brake on the wheels that turn under the car of progress to keep them from turning too fast, but then Bhai Singh is only a simple jat, a Punjabi farmer who has not yet got the smell of the new-turned furrow out of his nostrils, and who became a priest by selection, inclination and a little wire-pulling. He has few of the qualities of a leader of men and at present the Sikhs need a leader almost as badly as the children of Israel needed one when Pharaoh's daughter rescued Moses from the river. But Bhai Singh does not pose as a leader at all, but quietly fulfils the duties of his priestly office. He knows that the patience of his people is as long as a summer day, but he takes care not to do anything impolitic.

The limitations of this priest are better understood when you know something of the evil ways into which many of his people have fallen, chiefly because they live in a manner that would take away any man's self-respect. There never was a flock in such pressing need of a shepherd. They live in the vilest slums, they are threatened with an epidemic. Tuberculosis has overtaken some of them. All day they toil, and when work is over den themselves in their rabbit-warrens and drug their brains with cheap liquor. The Sikh's lot in Vancouver is a dog's lot, but he accepts it with the great resignation of the East. The emotions of an Oriental come in heavy, clumsy upheavals, which submerge his nature as quietly as drowning. No bedlamite gusts like wind charging around street corners. Misery, trouble and disease he swallows from the same spoon without making a face. The Sikh is not accustomed to the near neighborhood of filth and grime and bad odors. At home, in India, he lived in the open air. He is not ignorant of Nature's laws as such affect the body. But his attitude toward his wretched state is passive. A cloud settles down upon his leonine face, that is all. It is too bad that these people have not a priest who is strong enough to lead, for to men of their patriarchal primitive characters, who look as if they had walked out of the pages of the Old Testament, the priest of their religion seems their natural leader. But the idea of the Sikh religion is that every man must bear his own burden and fight his own

fight. In the old time of the Sikhs this doctrine developed the martial virtues; it trained a race of men virile, indomitable and forceful. Even now in India the Sikhs are known as the pioneers, who are not afraid to venture far from home. In cities like Bombay and Calcutta the Sikhs are the preferred artizans, far better workers than the weak-backed Bengali and Hindu of the southern half of India. We have heard heavy tales of plague and famine in India, but these dark things have never visited the Sikhs in their Northern country that humps itself up in round hills toward the sky-reaching Himalayas.

You must have seen this priest who carries the fate of his followers in his hands, but does not try to lessen their dead-weight immobility. He wears a turban white as snow, his eyebrows meet over his nose in an ink-black band, and his coal-black beard has never been scissored or singed.

He seems to spend most of his time in solemnly stroking his beard and blinking. He has lately added a knowledge of English to his extremely simple accomplishments. A priest of his religion should be the mark of action, the banner in the strife, but he is not the sort of person who would be likely to do much bannering or striving unless he were forced into it. Yet he is a thoughtful man, and keeps his mind on human matters of living interest. He sits in the back room of his temple, not remote from the stove, and has long dreams, at least long for such a simple brain. His people, folk of his own flesh and bone, are in deep trouble, but he does not worry. They are in the midst of strangers and a lonesome landscape in the far country to which their adventuring blood and a hazard of new fortunes brought them, and they look to their priest for something more than religious consolation. It is not hard to see the dawn of the day when this priest will have to go back to the mill-yard and exchange his priestly ease for further sweat and backache.

Poem

BY MAUD SCOFIELD BEESON

(Century Magazine)

O sullen sky, and leafless tree,
And brown field freezing fast,
And wintry wind, you chill not me
For I am home at last!

At last! Dear home! My heart and I
Perpetual summer know.
Blow, icy blast! Within leaps high
The fire of love's own glow.

I kneel before the grateful flame,
And shielded, safe and warm,
Forget the bitter way I came,
And feel no more the storm.

At home at last! At home to stay!
O mercy unsurpassed!
God grant all wanderers find the way
Into their home at last!

The Bright Land to the West

A Toast

BY BLANCHE E. HOLT MURISON

I give you the Land—where the western strand
Slopes to the western seas;
And the sunset dips to the stately ships,
That anchor by its quays.

I give you a Toast—
To the fairest coast
In the New World's splendid sphere!
Where a welcome waits
By the western gates
For every pioneer.

I give you the Land—where the forests grand
Reach to the mountain's domes;
Where the flowers bloom, and there's lots of room
For millions more of homes.

I give you a Toast,
And make you a boast—
Come, fill your glasses with me,
And drink to the West,
The Land we love best—
The Land by the sunset sea!

I give you the Land—of the glad right hand,
Where loyal hearts abound.
Your glasses again—I pledge you the men
Who "make the wheels go round!"

I give you a Toast—
The Land we love most!
Come, cheer with a three times three!
With patriot zest,
Let's drink to the West—
And the Greater West to be!

Empire of Woman

Conducted by Valerie Vectis

NOTE.—Under this department will be answered, in order received, all letters from women readers of this magazine who wish for authentic and reliable information concerning British Columbia and the Western Prairies. All letters must be accompanied by "Correspondence Coupon"

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman.

AS this number of the magazine goes to press, before many of you have even seen my January salutations, I want to remind you about those letters I asked you, my dear women readers, to write to me.

In fact, I am going to remind you every month until I get them; so you will know what to expect! I do so much want you to help me to make known the home-life in this great and beautiful country of ours. In truth I am full of "wants" that are in your power to grant. I want photos of your homes, of your gardens, and of your children, that I may reproduce them in these pages for the benefit of all the readers of this magazine. I want you, too—those of you who have bairnies of your own—to interest them in the children's corner and encourage them to write the letters that will tell in child-language the stories we never tire of hearing.

I am again choosing the same subject as last month, and I can assure you I am positively pining to forward those promised dollars to the boys and girls who send in the best work.

WOMEN AND WESTERN CANADA

SOME weeks ago, under the captious heading "Canada's Deathtrap," there appeared in an English publication an altogether misleading article written by a journalist who was either laboring under the delusion that he was a humorist or else suffering from a severe paucity of ideas and wrote of what he knew nothing about.

It would take more space than is at my disposal in these columns to tear his absurd, crudely pictorial exaggerations to tatters. I must content myself by taking up the cudgels, on behalf of my sex, in refutation of a certain paragraph in the article mentioned, that boldly stated that Western Canada was no place for decent women.

The following are the chivalrous remarks that made me, as an Englishwoman, blush for the Englishman who could publish such derogatory allegations without first verifying for himself whether they were false or true.

"Western Canada," he affirms, "is no place for the gentlewoman. The woman population is composed largely of half-castes of a degenerate type, often redeemed women who have been sent out by rescue societies, to fall back into a worse state than they were drawn from; and the lowest class of domestic servant, who, if she is at all good-looking, soon falls away into wild life, for the girls are of too low a class for most of the men to marry. The few better-class women who do come out and marry, suffer, and suffer badly, from hardships which only the brawny, strong, animal type of country-woman can stand."

In the first place, the term "Western Canada" is beautifully vague and boundlessly big, comprising as it does the vast provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and even British Columbia.

To soberly state that one of the most glorious countries on the face of the earth

is no place for decent women is as puerile in conviction as it is mendacious in assertion.

I have seen the home-life of Western Canada in most of its varied phases, and, thank God! even at its very worst woman's place in the great scheme of things is the reverse of the sordid picture painted so luridly by the artist of the pen whose distorted conception I have reproduced.

As in all new countries where there has been a fusion of alien races, there are of course half-breeds, and even quarter-breeds, and eighth-breeds, and so on until the attenuated strain is finally lost; but instead of composing the majority of the population, as stated, they form a very small and ever-dwindling minority of it.

As for being of a degenerate character, the women of Western Canada number among them some of the finest types of womanhood in the world. Brave, capable, energetic, patriotic and adaptable, with a strong human sympathy for those less fortunate than themselves, their example and influence are most potential factors in the upbuilding and consolidation of Empire in the Dominion today.

I could cite a hundred different ways in which the women of this western world are upholding the standard of true womanhood, to the honor of their sex and the betterment of humanity in general.

The slings and arrows of opprobrium hurled at the poor servant girl who comes to these shores fall woefully short of their mark. The witless observation that most of them are too low for the men to marry would be farcical if it were not so scurrilous.

Without taking any personal responsibility for the individual characters of the hundreds of girls who come to Canada to enter domestic service, I can speak with authority of what I know. For the last seven years I have lived, not only on the prairies, but also in more than one of the large cities of the West, and it has been my experience that the great majority of the domestic servants not only deserve but receive every respect and consideration from those who employ them.

As for the men not caring to marry them!—all facts and figures go to prove the very opposite to be the case.

Without any desire to present a one-sided impression, and that entirely a rose-tinted one, of conditions in this country as they affect women, I do want to remove the sordid picture I have alluded to from the mental vision of those who were unfortunate enough to have it thrust upon their notice, and to re-hang it in a purer light, where the sunshine can get at it and fade out all the barbarities of pigment and perspective that disfigure and spoil a fair sheet of canvas that might have been put to worthier uses.

Those who make a specialty of painting the Spirit of Space (typifying conditions in Western Canada) as a demoniacal monster always on the prowl to spring upon and rend every newcomer who invades its territory, seem to forget the Frankenstein that stalks unmolested under the guise of the Spirit of Squalor through the slums of large cities in the Old World. Compared with the soiled and degraded garments of the latter the former is robed as an angel of light; its very name vestures it in virtue. Where the Spirit of Space may loom forbiddingly at the end of a lost trail, or push chilly hands through a veil of snow to strike terror into the heart of one man, the cruel fingers of the Spirit of Squalor never cease their ghastly game of "pitch and toss," not only with the bodies, but also with the souls of its innumerable victims.

After all, woman's life in all countries and in every place differs only in degree, not in essentials. It is a mosaic where many colors blend and where the gray and the gold melt into each other as irresistibly as the lowering cloud and swift shower filter through the clear azure of the sky and the bright sunshine of a June day.

For those women (and there are many of them who come to make a new home in this new country) who have been tenderly reared in the even temperature of the conservatories of Mother England, or who have grown up among the fair flowers of her lobelia-bordered gardens, the transplanting to the virgin soil of the Great West often does mean drooping petals and withered leaves. But sunshine and rain have the same beneficent influences all the world over, and it is wonderful how these transplanted flowers thrive in their new environment once they take firm root.

The roses that carpet the prairies all the

summer long with their fragrant pink and white splendor are just as sweet as those that bloom on the hedgerows in the country lanes of the Motherland.

The social and economic conditions that must exist when a country is passing through the adolescent stage do not, as a rule, conspire to make things easy for women in that country; but that is no logical reason why the life should not be a clean and wholesome as well as a happy one.

Western Canada holds out the greater opportunity; the larger chance; but from those who take, she demands in return industry, courage and loyalty. They who best realize this soonest discover the "open sesame" to the golden gateway that not only guards the secret of permanent success, but encloses the hidden path that all must find and travel who would claim for themselves the treasures Father Time has stored by the way.

* * *

CONCERNING ELEVATORS

SOME years ago while on a delightful trip through the "Land o' Cakes," a dear old dame—my landlady at the time—told me of her first and only experience with an elevator. All her quiet, uneventful life had been lived in a quaint old-fashioned house in a beautiful part of her beloved Scotland, that to her was haunted by the echoes of the immortal songs of Scotia's sweetest singer, and where every cobble-stone in every narrow street was hallowed by the imprint of her country's history.

In the world of science and mechanics mighty secrets were being sifted out and pressed into the service of man; but she knew little about such things and cared less. A very occasional trip to Glasgow constituted her one great diversion, and what she saw and heard during those fleeting and far-between visits to the big, busy, smoky city, not only filled her mind with wonder, but aroused a host of prejudices and instinctive antagonism to the new and unknown order of things that was so rapidly replacing the old and familiar. She had heard of the elevator—or "lift" as she called it—and had some dim idea of its use; but she had also registered a vow that no power on earth should ever "wyle" her into one.

It happened during her last visit to Glasgow. My old lady went a-shopping in a large departmental store, the management of which had been investing in a few modern improvements since she had last wandered that way, some fifteen years before. Feeling somewhat tired, and spying what she took to be a cosy little room in which to rest, with a comfortable padded seat on one side, she entered and sat down with a sigh of relief. By some strange chance the boy in charge of the elevator had left his place for a moment, but as another weary shopper with parcel-laden arms entered the cage he returned and immediately started the "rest-room" soaring upwards.

For a few breathless seconds I believe the astonished old dame gaspingly thought that the end of the world had come, and that she was on her way to the Great Beyond by an altogether unorthodox route; but after the first shock of surprise was over, some intuitive voice whispered that she was in one of the hated elevators, and she was too speechless with rage to conjecture where it was taking her.

When the "device of the devil," as she called it in telling me the story, reached the top floor, it necessarily came to a halt, and the youth in charge doing his automatic best in the pursuance of his duty, opened the door to let out his passenger.

"Top floor, madam!"—and then before the trembling, enraged, antique figure that faced him, he shrunk up into a corner.

The power of speech had almost deserted her, but she managed to pant out—"Ye—ye loon! Ye got me up, but ye'll no get me doon. I'll walk every step if I hae to creepit on han's and knees!"

* * *

THE memory of the old lady and her exciting adventure recurred to me a short time ago when I made my first acquaintance with that convenience of the up-to-date apartment house, the automatic elevator.

Somehow I have always associated elevators with boys—boys of different ages and types, whose peculiarities embrace the whole gamut of their species, from the aggressively cheerful youngster who is eternally whistling music-hall ditties, to the surly stoic whose jaws rotate so perseveringly around a

bulky lump of gum that absolutely refuses to be chewed up.

I had pressed the usual button, thinking it would bring down the usual elevator, likewise the usual boy of one sort or another, but it was the elevator minus the boy that stealthily descended at my touch. That tenantless elevator looked positively uncanny; but being a woman, and curious, I cautiously entered to try to discover what next to do.

A row of tiny buttons on one side tempted me to push, but a vague uncertainty in my breast held me back.

"To push, or not to push?"—that was the question; and there was no kind soul about to answer it for me.

Just then an old proverb rushed through my mind: "The longest way round is often the shortest way home!"

"That's your cue, Valerie," I said to myself. "If you shut yourself up in that elevator, goodness only knows what may happen. You may push the wrong button and land with a sickening thump in the bowels of the basement, or there is an equal chance of your soaring swiftly skyward, and getting an unexpected view of the city from the roof. Then you may get stuck halfway. No, Valerie; you take your own advice and go serenely on your way via the stairs, then at least you have some degree of certainty in your own mind that you will eventually reach your destination without mishap."

Taking such subtle reasoning as inspired, I rejected the lure of little buttons and slowly made my way up flight after flight of stairs until I found my friend's suite on the top floor.

As I was coming away she remarked, "Of course, you'll take the elevator."

"I should like to," I replied, "if you can give me any reasonable assurance that the elevator will not take me."

With a sweet smile at my ignorance she proceeded to explain the mysteries of that peculiar branch of locomotion to which the row of little buttons that had tantalised me earlier in the afternoon held the key.

On being instructed to pull, I obediently clutched the handle of a door built on the expanding bracelet principle, and pulled with a will.

I had felt in my bones all along that there was no telling what might happen in tampering with an elevator without a boy, and that pull proved my conjectures correct; in some unaccountable manner, my poor friend's fingers got pinched in that wretched door.

Calling myself a "clumsy clown," I submitted to be hurried inside, and my friend closed the door.

"Push the bottom button!" counselled the voice outside.

I did!

Then came the anxious query, "What letter was it?"

"B!" I shouted.

"Heaven! that's the basement; push the one marked G," came the agonised appeal, as all sense of security, as well as the elevator, began to slowly melt from under me.

I again followed instructions, and with a frantic wave of the hand, resigned myself to whatever Fate might have in store for me.

A series of sensations seized me, similar to those I should imagine that possessed the soul of Dante, as he, too, explored the unknown on the downward grade. I thought a hundred thoughts, more or less disconnected, and speculated vaguely as to whether those two buttons I had pushed would conflict in any way and cause complications.

However, by the time I had anxiously watched two floors soar above, I began to grow nearly peaceful, and all the ghosts of my past misdeeds that had gloatingly gathered around me disappeared, except one especially bad one that masqueraded as a pink sugar biscuit I had taken one day, twenty years previously, when my mother wasn't looking.

I was just screwing up my courage to bite it, when to my great surprise the elevator stopped, just as a well-behaved automatic elevator should, where it was intended to. I stepped out, that being the obvious thing to do; but I decided that although the automatic elevator was a very simple device, now that I had mastered the mystery of the little buttons that controlled it, yet I could never quite forgive it for pinching my friend's fingers, and making my own tingle in sympathy all the way home.

WOMEN WRITERS OF THE WEST

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Member of the Canadian Society of Authors
Vice-President for British Columbia of the
"Canadian Women's Press Club."
Author of "Between the Lights."

TO most of the readers of this magazine the name of Isabel Ecclestone Mackay is too familiar to require any introduction. Especially in Canada this talented woman writer has won for herself a distinguished place in the literature of her country; and it is safe to say that for her, through her work, is reserved a warm, welcome corner in many hearts and homes all through the Dominion.

I give her the place of honor in this picture gallery of "Women Writers of the West," in spite of the indignant protestations my sixth sense whispers me may come from a city nearer the Atlantic coast than Vancouver is, claiming Mrs. Mackay for the east. She may have belonged to the east first, but since she came to make her home among us, I feel she belongs to us; and whether there be any difference of opinion as to which has the prior right, both east and west can agree on one point, and that is that both are equally proud of the gifted authoress and poet—Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.

As a writer of short stories she ranks high in the magazine world of Canada and the United States, while her poems occupy many a cloistered corner that only verse of peculiar merit can ever hope to enter.

Twice has Mrs. Mackay won the prize of one hundred dollars offered by the Toronto "Globe" for the best Canadian Historical Poem; and a charming little lyric from her pen, with the special consent of the Century Company, has been included by the Provincial Board of Education in the New Ontario School Books.

Last year, under her signature, a very successful serial story appeared in the "Canadian Courier"; and readers of the "Canadian Home Journal" are eagerly looking forward to another from the same prolific source.

In her prose Mrs. Mackay displays a graceful felicity of expression and a simplicity of style that win their way right to the reader's heart; and around her poems she has the happy faculty of weaving a tissue of exquisite fancy and lyrical beauty

MRS. ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

that haunts the imagination and fills all the corridors of memory with the sweet music of its own making.

I could say many things that would make pleasant reading about Mrs. Mackay, as a woman as well as a writer, but the limits of a column are inexorable. I know that every reader of the "Empire of Woman" will join with me in wishing the clever and charming original of the picture that graces this page continued and increased success in her literary career. The following verses are from a collection of Canadian Poems, and appeared some time ago in the "Youth's Companion":

* * *

THE HOMESTEADER

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

Wind-swept and fire-swept and swept with bitter rain—
This was the world I came to when I came across the sea—
Sun-drenched and panting, a pregnant, waiting plain
Calling out to humankind, calling out to me!

Leafy lanes and gentle skies and little fields all green—
This was the world I came from when I fared across the sea—
The mansion and the village and the farm-house in between,
Never any room for more, never room for me!

I've fought the wind and braved it. I cringe to it no more!
I've fought the creeping fire back and cheered to see it die.
I've shut the bitter rain outside and safe within my door
Laughed to think I feared a thing not as strong as I!

I mind the long white road that ran between the hedgerows neat,
In that little, strange old world I left behind me long ago.
I mind the air so full of bells at evening, far and sweet—
All and all for some one else—I had leave to go!

And this is what I came to when I came across the sea,
Miles and miles of unused sky and miles of unturned loam,
And miles of room for some one else and miles of room for *me*—
The cry of exile changing to the sweeter cry of "Home!"

* * *

FASHION'S LATEST FREAK.

IT has come at last; I knew it would! The spirit of prophecy came upon me the first time I saw a "hobble" skirt hobbling my way!

Women who will slavishly follow fashion to that extent, thought I, will not for very long toddle around in one trouser leg; they will soon don the other, if only to enable them to use their pedal extremities with any degree of ease and comfort.

Now from one of the large ateliers of Paris comes the very latest, the "trouser skirt" —which is simply, as I heard one outraged member of the masculine gender indignantly exclaim, "straight trousers"!—nothing more or less. Rather more if anything, since they are distinctly on the generous scale when compared with the ordinary nether garments usually considered the correct thing by the "lords of creation."

This very masculine outfit, so skilfully designed for feminine adornment, is called, for want of a better name, a lounging suit; and—yes!—the trousers are worn turned up!

Now the question that arises seems to me to be this: If the women take to wearing trousers, will the men adopt crinolines in self-defence? I wish somebody could tell me, for the vagaries of fashion and the cult of the costumier are more than my poor brain can grapple with.

* * *

WHAT IS MAN?

THE little girl who wrote in her composition that "Man is a two-legged animal," must give place to another of her ilk, who goes more definitely into details and handles her subject in the following original manner:

"Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear, but don't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would. They are more logical than women, and also more zoological. Both men and women sprung from monkeys, but the women sprung further than the men."

C. C. C. Club

Children's Chain of Comradeship

THREE FLOWERS FROM AN ENGLISH GARDEN

Good thoughts are the seeds
That grow into good deeds.

GREETINGS, children dear! This month the magazine goes to press before I have had a chance to receive any letters from you; but I hope by the time you read this, many of you will have written to tell me about the place in which you live, and I can't tell you how pleased I shall be to award those two new dollars to the writers of the best letters sent in.

Don't forget that I want to join all the boys and girls who read this page, into a chain of comradeship. A chain, as you know, is made up of links; and I want every one of you to keep the link you represent bright and beautiful. One way in which you can do this is to remember that you are, each one of you, a link in a long chain of love that stretches around the world, and binds together the happiness of Home.

Every month I will write a little thought at the beginning of this page that will help to keep the links of the chain bright. The best way to apply it, is to read it and think it several times a day, and you will be surprised to find what a fine polish it will put on everything you do.

POLLY AND PAT

Molly had a pretty dolly,
  And a doggie, small and fat;
And the dolly she called Polly,
  And the dog she christened Pat.

On a chair sat pretty Polly;—
  Pat peeped slyly through the door,
And not spying Mistress Molly,
  Dragged poor dolly to the floor.

First he bit her waxen nose;
  Then he gnawed off half her toes;
Then he tore her dainty clothes;
  Why he did it, no one knows.

He just thought it fun most jolly,
  Shaking Polly like a rat;
But when in came Mistress Molly,
  How she slapped and scolded Pat.

How she hugged her precious Polly,
  And I don't think naughty Pat
Ever more will hurt that dolly,
  Or mistake her for a rat.

PRIZES FOR BOYS AND PRIZES FOR GIRLS

This month I am again offering two new dollar bills, one to the boy and one to the girl who sends in the best letter about the place in which they are living. There must be many of you who have your homes in big, bustling, busy cities; and many of you who live on the wide, wonderful prairie. Now won't you write and tell each other and me all about it? Think how interesting it will be to read in these columns the letters that will come from all the different places where live the boys and girls who read this page.

I have got all sorts of lovely ideas I am longing to tell you about, but I want to know first if you would like to know what they are. I am keeping these ideas a secret for a month or two, until I see how many boys and girls are really interested in the "C. C. C." club.

* * *

RULES TO BE CAREFULLY OBSERVED BY THOSE COMPETING FOR PRIZES

All letters must be written on one side of the paper only, and with every letter must be enclosed the "C. C. C." correspondence coupon.

Boys and girls taking part in these competitions must be under the age of fifteen.

Letters must not exceed three hundred words, and all letters must be signed by one of the parents, or the guardian of the writer, to certify that it is entirely his or her own work.

* * *

WHO WANTS TO START A BANKING ACCOUNT?

Now please don't all put up your hands at the same time. Of course you would all like to start a banking account, and I am going to tell you how you can do it. In this competition I am not going to set any age limit, because I want every boy and girl who reads this page to have an equal chance. For the names of every six new subscribers to this magazine a boy or girl sends in to this office, I will send him or her a new dollar bill by registered mail. So you see that with the first dollar bill you can start your banking account, and with every subsequent dollar you earn in this way you can add to it. Now isn't that worth trying for? Ask mother or father to help you, and I know you will soon be the richer by several dollars. The editor wants this magizine to have a place in every home in British Columbia, and also in thousands of other homes in Eastern Canada and in all parts of the world.

Now who is going to help make the "British Columbia Magazine" one of the best-known magazines in the British Empire? Good luck to all of you who try!

* * *

HOW TO GO ABOUT IT

Write your own name and full address at the head of a sheet of paper, then the names and addresses of those who wish to become subscribers to this magazine. Then send this sheet of paper with Postal Order, or Express Order for the amount of the subscriptions, and I will mail you your dollar by return post. Be sure and write names and addresses very plainly. Don't forget that all letters must be addressed to the office of this magazine, care of the "C. C. C." club. Also remember that the price of a single subscription to the magazine for one year is $1.50.

* * *

THIS month I am going to tell you a story about the most beautiful bird in the world, called the "Blue Bird." It was discovered by a man who loves all children, a very learned and clever man whose name is Maurice Maeterlinck. The story of the "Blue Bird" is one of the most wonderful fairy stories ever written. It really fills a whole book, but I am going to try to crowd all the most interesting parts—the parts I think you children would like best, into a few columns that will fit into your own particular corner of the magazine, so that those of you who do not have the opportunity of reading the book or seeing the play may not miss the pleasure and delight of knowing something about the many strange and wonderful adventures that befell the little boy and girl who went in search of the "Blue Bird."

HOW TYLTYL AND MYTYL FIRST HEARD OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BIRD IN THE WORLD

ONCE upon a time (all real fairy stories should begin like that: don't you think so?) there stood a small but very pretty rustic cottage on the edge of a large forest. In that cottage lived a little boy and girl, brother and sister, whose names were Tyltyl and Mytyl.

Now Tyltyl and Mytyl had never even heard about the "Blue Bird" until one never-to-be-forgotten Christmas Eve. Their "mummy" had tucked them into their little cots and kissed them good-night, but before going to sleep they began talking about Santa Claus and wondering whether he would find time to drive his famous reindeer-team their way before morning.

However, being very tired, the "Sandman" soon closed their eyes, and then, when nobody was even looking, a beautiful angel with wide invisible wings, that had been hovering just above them, took them both in her arms and carried them away—away over the trees and mountains, and up through the starry curtains of night that opened to let them pass until they reached the big opal doors that guard the "Land of Dreams." There the angel lifted the latch that was made of pure gold studded with pearls, and Tyltyl and Mytyl found themselves inside.

The extraordinary part of it all was that although they had come such a long way they still seemed to be in the same room and in the same little cots in which they had gone to sleep, only the lamp on the table which they had seen their "mummy" turn out, was burning a different color.

While they were wondering about the marvellous change this strange new light made to everything its radiance illuminated, the door of the cottage opened of its own accord and in came a funny little old woman dressed all in bright green with a red hood on her head. Such a queer-looking old woman Tyltyl and Mytyl had never seen before; she was hump-backed and lame, and near-sighted, and her nose and chin quite met.

As she came towards them she nearly bent double over a big stick she carried.

Of course she was a fairy, only Tyltyl and Mytyl did not know that; and Tyltyl made her very angry by telling her that she looked like a neighbor of theirs. This she indignantly denied, and said her name was Fairy Berylune. She asked the children lots of questions they could not understand in the least, until poor Tyltyl and Mytyl grew quite bewildered.

More than anything else in the world she said she wanted the "Blue Bird" for her little girl, who was very sick and who needed it to make her well and happy.

Tyltyl had a bird he loved very much, and it was in a little cage on the wall, but he said he could not give that away because he wanted it himself. Fairy Berylune put on her glasses and looked at it, but told Tyltyl not to worry—she did not want his bird, it was not blue enough. However, she declared she simply must have the bird that was all blue, and Tyltyl and Mytyl must get up at once and go in search of it for her. Never mind if they did not know where to look for it; she would give Tyltyl a wonderful little green cap with a magic diamond in it—an enchanted diamond that, when it was turned round, made people see the soul of things, even the soul of wine and pepper and bread and water; the soul of everything, in fact. One little turn of the diamond showed the past, another little turn showed the future. You can just imagine how excited Tyltyl was, and how anxious to discover for himself if all the Fairy Berylune said was true.

To convince him, the Fairy put the little green cap on his head, and told him to give the diamond one turn.

O!—the wonderful change that came over everything as soon as Tyltyl had given the diamond that one tiny turn. The ugly old fairy became a princess of marvellous beauty, gorgeously dressed; the bare flint walls of the cottage changed to blue sparkling sapphires, and all the place looked as though it were built of precious stones. The furniture all turned new and resplendent, and the face of the old clock actually winked its eye and smiled. Then the door that hid the pendulum swung wide open, and out jumped the hours, looking like lovely ladies, all laughing and dancing to perfectly delicious music.

The wonderful enchantment went on, and

the next to appear were the souls of the loaves in the bread-pan. These looked like weird little men in crust-colored tights, who rushed around in a dreadful hurry, with flour powdered all over them. They seemed so glad to be free that they scampered about in great glee.

Suddenly the soul of fire, dressed all in yellow and red, leaped down the chimney, twisting and writhing; but as soon as he saw the loaves running around he immediately gave chase.

Then Tyltyl's dog Tylo, and Mytyl's cat Tylette, that had been comfortably curled up at the foot of the cupboard, suddenly vanished; and in their place appeared two extraordinary persons, one with the face of a bull-dog, and the other with the face of a tom-cat. These too joined in the strange carnival and romped wildly about; while the spinning-wheel in its corner began to turn madly and spin gaily colored rays of light.

Then the tap up in another corner began to sing a song that sounded like a fountain of jewels sparkling and splashing in the sink. Suddenly, out of the rain of pearls and emeralds and luminous lights, sprang the soul of water, in appearance like a lovely maiden, arrayed in pale transparent draperies, with sea-flowers in her hand, and seaweed in her hair. Unfortunately, as soon as she espied the soul of fire she at once began fighting with him.

Then the milk jug fell off the table, and the soul of milk escaped, looking, as Tyltyl said, like "a very frightened lady in her nightgown."

The sugar-loaf on the bottom shelf of the cupboard began to grow taller and wider, till his paper wrapper split in all directions, and the soul of sugar, wearing a "goody-goody" expression and a blue and white tunic made his appearance on the scene.

There seemed to be no end to the wonderful happenings; the saucepans skipped around on the shelves; the door of the linen-press opened and showed a magnificent array of beautiful stuffs, moon-colored and sun-colored and rainbow-colored; and even a bundle of rags that fell down from the attic all appeared equally splendid.

Then the lamp that had been standing quietly on the table fell to the floor, and a fair lady, more lovely than words can picture, robed in dazzling veils of shimmering beauty, stood silently in the midst of all the other souls the enchanted diamond had let out of prison.

Tyltyl could only gasp out, "It's the Queen!" Mytyl breathed in an awe-struck whisper, "It's the Blessed Virgin!" But Fairy Berylune said, "No, my children, it is light!"

Then an altogether unexpected thing happened; three loud knocks were heard on the door that led into the bedroom where the children's "mummy" and "daddy" were supposed to be asleep.

Tyltyl grew frightened, and cried out—"That's daddy!—he's heard us!"

Even Fairy Berylune seemed startled, and gave a quick order, "Turn the diamond from left to right!"

Tyltyl, thoroughly scared, turned the diamond too quickly, with the result that although all the souls scampered back to their places, some of them had not time to hide.

The fairy became an ugly old woman again, the hours disappeared inside the clock, the saucepans became quiet, the spinning-wheel stopped turning, the soul of fire pranced madly round the room looking for the chimney, and the soul of one of the loves of bread began to sob bitterly because it could not squeeze back into the pan.

The souls of fire and water, sugar and milk, and the soul of the cat, made Fairy Berylune very angry by even wanting to return to the prison of silence from which she had released them, but they all seemed afraid of their strange new freedom. Only the dog and light really wanted to remain with the children and accompany them on their journey in search of the "Blue Bird."

The knocking on the bedroom growing louder, Fairy Berylune made Tyltyl and Mytyl, and all the animals and things that had not had time to return to their places, go out into the night through the window, which for a moment became a real door that opened of its own accord to let them pass.

No sooner had this strange assembly all disappeared than "Daddy Tyl" and "Mummy Tyl" peeped into the room to see if their precious bairns were safe and sound, and there was so much enchantment in the air that they actually fancied they saw

their little Tyltyl and Mytyl peacefully asleep in their cots.

In the meantime Fairy Berylune had taken the children to her own palace, in order to find suitable dresses for them, as well as garments for animals and things, before they started out to find the "Blue Bird."

The cat chose a dress like that worn by Puss-in-Boots; sugar arrayed himself in pale blue and white draperies, while fire decked himself out in a flaming red mantle all lined with gold.

Fairy Berylune had truly a wonderful wardrobe, for water discovered Catskin's "color-of-time" dress, and the dog hunted out a livery that had once belonged to one of the footmen of Cinderella's coach.

Bread came on the scene in a gorgeous robe borrowed from Bluebeard and had a big scimitar in one hand, and in the other a little cage intended to hold the "Blue Bird" when they found it.

Light wore the loveliest dress of all. It looked as though it had been woven from moonbeams, and as for Tyltyl and Mytyl, they were very gay, the former in Hop-o'-my-Thumb's blue jacket and red breeches, and the latter in Gretel's pretty frock and Cinderella's glass slippers.

While Fairy Berylune was instructing the children as to where and how to look for the bird she wanted so much, there arose a great discussion among the animals, things, and elements.

The cat was of the opinion that if the children succeeded in their search, it would be simply fatal to all established order, because to the person who could find and hold the "Blue Bird," would come that farther sight which would be able to discern that which was now hidden, and that understanding which would know all secrets, even the secrets of souls.

So in their own interests the cat and bread and fire and water and sugar agreed among themselves that they would not willingly do anything to assist in the discovery of this wonderful bird; but the dog and light determined to help the children in every way they could.

The dog loved his little master, and as light loves all children, Tyltyl and Mytyl started out on their quest with two very loyal friends in their train.

The first place that Fairy Berylune directed them to was the "land of memory." But there they had to go all alone, for when they came to the threshold of this strange country, even light had to leave them; but she promised to wait for them until they returned. So saying they would be back by a quarter to nine, Tyltyl turned his magic diamond, and immediately he and Mytyl found themselves in the midst of a cold, dense fog, through which rose up, quite close to them, the big brown trunk of a huge oak tree. On the tree was nailed a board, and when Tyltyl, standing on tip-toe, got close enough to read what was written on it, he knew they had come to the right place, for traced in large letters right across it were these words, "Land of Memory."

* * *

Next month I will tell how Tyltyl fared in the "Land of Memory," and take you to some of the other wonderful places he and Mytyl visited in their search for the most beautiful bird in the world.

—o—

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"NURSE L."—London, England. Your letter has been handed to me, but too late to insert an answer in this issue. I shall be delighted to hunt up the information you wish for, and will reply to your letter in detail in the March number.

Note:—All letters must be addressed to Valerie Vectis, care of this department, and have "Correspondence Coupon" enclosed.

CORRESPONDENCE COUPON

BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

"C. C. C." Dept.

FEBRUARY, 1911

This coupon must be cut out and enclosed with all letters to this department.

CORRESPONDENCE COUPON

BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

"Empire of Woman" Dept.

FEBRUARY, 1911

This coupon must be cut out and enclosed with all letters to this department.

Pieces of Eight

ACCORDING to their interests, Canadians are divided in their view-points respecting the provisional reciprocity agreement, which may, after all, be rejected in Washington. Many people are saying that there was no need for such an arrangement when the country is so prosperous. The railways do not like it. The fruit-growers in British Columbia think they are hard hit. The manufacturers, who have been protected so long, hate the reductions which will bring increased competition. The men depending upon salaries, who have to buy things to eat, on both sides of the boundary, think the new arrangement will reduce the cost of living. The lumbermen, fishermen and farmers see an enlarged market for the stuff they have to sell. British Columbia lumbermen will send their cargoes down the coast, even to the harbor of Los Angeles, which is San Pedro. Canada seems to have been looking, since 1866, for better commercial relations with the United States. Since that time Canadian ministers have gone to Washington asking for some kind of reciprocity. This time it was Washington that asked. Official Washington has not been willing to give up anything until lately. The rising cost of living and the increasing demand for lumber in the United States have perhaps helped to change the American view-point. So the two protected countries, the ninety million one and the nine million one, having talked it over, may reduce their protective tariffs a little. Anyone who looks at the thing in a big way can see that the arrangement has commercial advantages for Canada.

* * *

A PART of the background of life is the saloon, and to take alcohol in a saloon is a part of the sophistication which attends our time. The daily custom is to take it standing up, and to swallow it quickly like a dose of medicine. Having thus uncomfortably done so, it is etiquette to move away and make room for someone else. The simple animal pleasure of taking a drink is denied to those who enjoy it. If you have a nice taste in whisky, and would drink a particular brand, you may not get what you ask for. You are quite likely to get impure liquor in many a shining saloon of mirrors and mahogany and fitments suggested by classical learning and art. If you employ the cold processes of reason it is hard to understand the fascination of the saloon.

* * *

MUSIC, like sunlight, buoys up the hearts of men. We hear the beginning of a piece of music with a bound of pleasure. Music, like love, turns the materialist and the realist into the sentimentalist and the romanticist. And when, as David Balfour says of Catriona, you have caught her like some kind of a noble fever, music sets your soul dancing, casts you into a pleasant wistfulness, or, if your sweetheart has been inconstant, a poignant misery. Music retells all the ancient old tales. It is the bone of folk-songs and the meat of hymns in which men and women praise their gods. It is the gonfalon of crusaders and the bifrost bridge neighboring earth and heaven. It is a common language which even savages and beasts understand, yet poets and painters have tried vainly with most delicious art to translate its slow curves and broad wash of sound and running feet of caprice. The scale of music is the gamut of life itself, running from sharpest sorrow to the lightest of slapstick fun. It can give to the human shipwreck the emotions of a crowned king. It can endow the weak with the strength of giants. It can reproduce the laughter of girls, the shouts of heroes, the voices of winds and waters and the din of war.

SOON the new editions of the little books with shining covers, published by the railway companies to give people lessons in geography, will be sent out. The railway which brings so many people from trivial scenery to the heaven-besoming mountains and dark druid forests of this province advertises the advantages of British Columbia as a recreation ground handsomely. No wonder they do so when they have so much to talk about. British Columbia has the biggest and the least known gameland left in an almost game-stripped America. She has more sky-shouldering mountains than all Europe, and more scenery of the strong northern quality than Norway. The clean ritual of the outdoors can here be observed amidst a wild beauty not to be found elsewhere in the world. The eager follower of the chase finds deer, bear, sheep and goats, quarry worth hunting, more plentiful here than in gamelands richer in the traditions of the hunt. British Columbia is the big game hunter's heaven. In no other part of the world, except perhaps "the vast zoological garden of British East Africa," does better sport or a bigger bag await the hunter's pleasure. The mountain climber, who flirts with danger as with a mistress, discovers here abundant peaks which provide the fine excitement his rare sport affords. The trout-fisher finds the snow-water streams that fall creaming down through the mountain woods full of the brisk trout. Not only are there prodigious mountains and big-game-haunted forests in British Columbia: there are valleys like the gardens of Hesper in the old tale, with a climate like Heaven's.

* * *

CHASING the meridians, the roaring landships with their freight of treasure fly to and fro on the great east and west strings that lie with one end in the pale breakers of the dawn at morning and the other amidst the sunset's coals at night. Like a flight of arrows, not the shafts of mortal men, but the smoke-winged bolts of the gods, rush the trains to the many-wharved ports where the sea-riding ships wait for cargo. Eating up the long prairie perspectives, conquering the slopes of the rough-born mountains, the trains link the far-divided coasts of the continent. The ritual of the seasons is repeated, the color of the map changes from the green to brown and from brown to white, kings die and are crowned, men win or lose their throws with life or fortune, but still the trains shoot across from horizon to horizon that the tides of trade may ebb and flow.

* * *

THE business of a police magistrate is not to send a man to jail but to give him another chance to be good. The city police court used to be the fingerboard that pointed to the jail, but sending a first-offence man to jail is like sending a malaria patient to a swamp. But in this the magistrate must show perspicacity and not sentiment. The modern police magistrate should be an expert criminal pathologist. The most interesting type of police magistrate is the groper in dark roads after the key which has not been found in spite of all our lamps of sociology. Another type is the quick thinker who is able to pry from the accused all the details in two minutes. This often develops in a magistrate a gift for expediency rather than judgment. Such a rapid candler of human eggs is likely to deal thoroughly with the habitual criminal. "This is a case for heroic surgery," he thinks, and is merciless and swift. The candle-ends and bad pennies of the city are shuffled and dealt like a pack of greasy cards.

* * *

BURN a piece of paper and cut the head off a chicken, and a Chinaman will then tell the truth. By all means let an appropriation be made at once, that every court in British Columbia may be furnished with a roll of print paper and a poultry yard. The Royal Commission on Chinese Immigration and Opium Smuggling has demonstrated of late weeks that the Oriental is not bound "in his heart and conscience" by a foreign oath sworn on the Bible. The Chinese "paper oath" taken by the witness signing his name on a piece of paper and then burning the same has been equally futile. Even if the sad result be a jump in the cost of living, let the

poultry be sacrificed and give us truthful Chinamen. The Christian "lay" is easy and convenient for the bequeued witness who has something to conceal. Recently one Celestial told the judge he was a Baptist; another averred that he was a Presbyterian; a third was just a common or garden Christian. False swearing is an evil that strikes to the root of our civilization. It is regrettable that there is not a "chicken oath" that is binding on the conscience of the Caucasian.

* * *

"WHY is the Chinese commission?" The question has been variously answered, and the first prize has been awarded the man who said that the Government of Canada wished to inaugurate a free vaudeville show for the people. The answer is poor enough, for the people always pay dear for Royal Commissions, and Royal Commissions, sad to relate, traditionally accomplish nothing. And yet the Chinese inquiry has, beyond all other commissions, contributed to the public entertainment of Vancouver for a month past, and there is more to come when the Victoria session is ended. It has been a Liberal education to Yip On, Yip Sue Poi, Yip Quong, Yip Sang, and the other members of the house of Yip, who must have learned by this that for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain the Christian white man is peculiar. Bret Harte's proverb has had its day. The man with the pigtail must take second place for astuteness. Yip On is an infant in arms from the point of view of guile—that is, by comparison. The question with which this paragraph started out is too deep for us.

* * *

A CITY of Vancouver's growth should possess a library. The present public library is little more than a pile of dog-eared broken-backed junk. The first duty of Vancouver's new librarian should be to send twenty-five per cent of the books to the refuse-heap, and have another twenty-five per cent rebound. The building provided by the useful money of Mr. Carnegie is heavily respectable, though inadequate, but its interior is like a second-hand book-shop and a curio store in one. It is full of human interest, but it is not a ilbrary. Book-buyers for the Vancouver public library have not in the past shown a nice literary discrimination in the choice of books. Poor books figure on the shelves in the ratio of about four in every ten and an earnest weeding is desirable. Cities are known by the libraries they keep, among other things, and the present library is not a good advertisement for Vancouver. To bring it up to modern library standards is the task that waits for the new librarian.

* * *

CONSIDER the parable of the cat, the monkey and the chestnuts. Perhaps it has something to do with the Chinese commission, and then again, perhaps it has not. Quien sabe? Something has been said about one Chinese interpreter who wanted the job held by another C. I. There has been mention of a great steamship company that lusted for passenger business controlled by another great company. There has been talk of a politician who longed to stir up an evil odor and bring about a change in the government's policy with regard to Chinese immigration, that that certain politician might go to China, say "I did it" and wax exceeding fat. Further, there has been a rumor in the land that a certain cabinet minister sought to overset another from his pedestal. And, but this with bated breath, there has been a whisper that a great, a very great man, desired a cleaning of certain political Augean stables, that his party might gain thereby. But these are only rumors, and perhaps they have nothing to do with the Chinese commission. Then again, some of them may be true, or it may be that all are true, in which case we return to the monkey who used the helpless cat to draw the chestnuts from the fire. "Why is the Chinese commission?"

A MAJORITY of the people of Vancouver voted lately that there should be no heaven-stairing range of "mortared sierras" on Burrard Inlet. In simpler words, a bylaw limiting the height of buildings to ten storeys passed at the municipal elections. The future is on the lap of the gods, but you do not need the gift of prophecy to foresee that in this destiny may laugh at law.

* * *

MOT SAY, Chinese girl, crushes splintered silver out of the trembling strings of her samyin with an ivory pick which is like the leaf of a yellow rose. Mot Say is a slave-girl and her trade is to practise seduction with woman-play and soft arts, old as the time when the first man saw the something that laughed in the first woman's eyes. Mot Say is a lot of soft girl-curves, all the woman-nature that one woman can have, and a face like April's, if April had a face. Sometimes she has, to me, a weird character, that of an orchid, half plant and half night moth. And sometimes, with her ivory-tinted face, her wonderful hair with its wonderful combs, her silk jacket with its big sleeves like wings, and her green trousers, she looks like a big butterfly upon a patterned wall.

* * *

BUEY GOON, Chinese, tells us his eyes are not set at an angle. Look at the Chinese eye more closely. Goon's eyes are straight in his skull. They look oblique because the upper eyelid is oblique, and the eyebrow takes an oblique direction. The lids are thin; the eye has an air of being imperfectly open, a sort of narrow slit; and at the side of the nose the upper eyelid forms a fold, hiding the angle where the lachrymal gland is. Does this make it hard for Goon to weep? At any rate he is acquitted of obliquity as to his eyes. His view of things is as straight as ours.

* * *

IN British Columbia cities there are dogs from every part of the world. Big-footed malemutes from the Yukon, the work-dogs of the trail, half-dingoes from Australia, chow-chows from China, Samoyedes from Northern Russia, Tibetan dogs, Japanese pups, have been brought here by miners, sailormen and Orientals. It is interesting to see the work-dog from the Yukon, half-starved and hard-used on the trail, warm only when working, adapting himself to the atmosphere of immoral ease in which the house-dog lives. Invariably brought "outside" as a reward for good service on the trail, he becomes a degenerate in the city, where he toils not, but wallows in a life of uselessness and loses the Spartain virtues of the trail. It is little wonder that he soon shows the deleterious effects of too much civilization. But he enjoys his idleness. Immoral ease is plainly his preferred environment, and any other is painful to him, to be endured with philosophy if necessary. Of the other dogs foreign to this country, some are ship's dogs left behind by mischance, and pathetically going on board every ship lying at the docks, nosing for the tracks of a certain skipper, cook, or mates, sometimes waiting around the wharves a whole year for the familiar ship that may never come back.

* * *

INTO the twentieth century comes a backwash of the fifteenth. One hundred and twenty-five thousand people, each entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, suddenly find their liberty taken away from them, and that they are about to be forced to do something they don't want to do, as it was in the good old time before the Great Charter. Inoculation with a serum filthy with pernicious bacilli from which the most terrible of blood diseases spring, is compulsory. Even the doctors who would subject everyone, not excepting little children, to vaccination, admit that inoculation is performed at certain risks. Vaccination seems to be a waif from the past period, when medicine was not an exact science. It would be hardly possible in these days to convene a synod of savants the majority of whom would favor vaccination. It is all very well to say that the safety of life, liberty and property, depends on our subjection to the laws. But compulsory vaccination is going a little too far. The times are too late.

THE difference between big men and little men is the difference between the incompetent window-glass and the capable camera lens. The attitude of mind toward the things of life is governed by the angle of vision. Some men have long perspectives and wide horizons, and are furnished with "a sense of sweep and grandeur, with back-thoughts too large to be organized and expressed by the tiny tools of the mind." Some men are very short-sighted and circumscribed, and seem to lack the influences which would make them broader.

* * *

BENEATH a great area of British Columbia lie stored many billions of tons of the coal of the earth, formed ages ago by the drudging processes of gealogy. A great deal of this is untouched still, but in many places men have followed the great seams of black treasure under the earth, mining the coal with their tiny tools—a rough business as deadly as warfare. Danger is on all sides of the miner at his daily work. A "fall" of roof coal may bury him under it. Poisonous gases may seize him by the throat. "Firedamp" may ignite and explode, burning him to death. But the miner has no leisure to think of the danger. He is too busy earning a living. He exhibits no brazen boldness in the face of death. He is just indifferent. Nature deals with him roughly; the ice is thin under his feet; he may any minute be puffed out like a flickering match. But he works on, and even grows fond of his work, like any other good workman. The history of coal mining in this province has the color of romance; the commercial story of the collieries is as interesting as any tale, but this little composition does not intend to dwell on either. They will be dealt with thoroughly in future, as they deserve, in this magazine. This is only a plain record of an impression or two received in one particular mine. To get permission to go into the mine we went to a great deal of trouble for very little of mine. Before we left the gray of the earth above and descended to the night of the earth beneath, imagination—which always runs ahead like a pioneer—told us that the color of a coal mine was the color of a charcoal drawing. But imagination was wrong for once. The color of a coal mine is the color of a flashlight photograph with spots of highlight jumping queerly over everything, like the play of elves. The face of the miner who was our guide through the creepy country underneath the floors of the sea was more like a photograph than a face, and the bones stood on edge and filled the face with shadows. A bratticeman with his bucket of nails and a tracklayer, a low-browed man who whistled a hymn-tune, descended with us, and we followed an enervated mule drawing three empty cars into the deeps of the mine. When you go down in a coal mine from the brimming country of light and air above, you drop out of step with the rest of the world. The tunnel of a mine may be only a few feet below the surface of the earth, yet you are in another province of unsunned obscurity and flickering high lights, citizened by men with bloodless faces working bent-backed and without speaking, like men under a vow of silence. We walked between the rails of the car track, with the mule-driver, and the only light came from the safety lamps the men carried, because there was gas in the mine and it was unsafe to carry naked lights. The light ran ahead of us on dancing feet, along the walls and roof, making the flashlight photograph effect which has been mentioned. We came to where shots had done their work well, and men were loading the coal into cars. We came to where men were drilling shot-holes into the roof-coal and into the side of the room. Later they would charge these holes with giant powder and tamp them with broken shale or clay. Later they would be fired by the shot-lighter. The dusked and empty guts of the earth, tunnels and rooms which seemed the native country of silence, produced themselves ever so far, and then we came to more miners. We passed men loading a "trip" of cars, and talking in the low voices of men speaking in the dark. Only it wasn't quite dark; the weak lights that grimaced on the shattered coal made a kind of overtone. Cut out a flashlight photograph of a man's face and paste it on a shadow, and that is what we saw when the dehumanized workers lifted up their heads to look incuriously at us as we passed.

IN this magazine for December last there was an article dealing with the Coquitlam Asylum farm, showing what good results were being obtained from a rational treatment of the mentally deranged subjects of what we term, for want of a better expression, lunacy. The legislature has made provision for carrying out that programme to a logical conclusion. In the estimates recently passed by the House the item placed there by the Attorney-General of $50,000 for prison farms indicates that the province intends to keep to the fore in advanced legislation, including scientific penology. We do not know exactly what the Attorney-General has in mind as a solution of prison reform work, but we gather from the Budget speech that it is with the idea of adapting the prison system of the province to the most modern ideas that morally and physically the inmates can be best treated by employment in the open air on a farm and with the least reference to the degrading conditions of penal servitude. That is confirmed by the statement of the Attorney-General himself, in explaining the item to the House. This marks a distinct advance in sociological experiment on practical lines. Criminals are human beings like unto ourselves, who have fallen and have been found out. Many of us have fallen and have not been found out. Society in its ignorance still embraces us. Society, with its eyes open, would have rejected us, and we would have been outcast. Our penal system is founded on the old Jewish code of revenge and retribution—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life. We call ourselves Christian. We are not. What is not Old Testament in our criminal code is pagan. We have accepted Christ as a deity, but not as a man. He came to save the world, not vicariously by miraculous redemption, but by example. He died as a martyr to His gospel of doing good for evil, of fulfilling the laws of right in spirit, not in letter, of charity for the failings of others, of help to the weak, or aid to the suffering. He was reviled, and reviled not again. He taught—in a metaphorical, not in a literal, sense—that when smitten on the right cheek we should turn again the left. In brief, He wanted to abolish the vendetta of ages, whether that vendetta exists in our political constitution or in our personal social relations. The object of criminal codes was primarily the protection of society by the prevention of crime. At the bottom of it, however, in all history has been the idea of revenge. Christ the Teacher went a step further and said we must not only protect society against the criminal, but we must save the criminal. Do you save the criminal by hanging him for murder? Or by sending him to penitentiary for fifteen years for stealing a gold watch? "This day shall thou be with me in Paradise," spoken to the thief on the cross, if it meant anything, was a message to the world that a thief was worth saving, otherwise it would mean that Christ was rewarding him for doing evil and placing a premium on crime. If we ignore the practical application of such teachings in our penal codes, our Christianity, upon which we set so much stock, is all sham. The vendetta of the courts is as barbarous as the vendetta of the Corsican or the tribes of the heathen races, if we do not temper our justice with the law of love for the prisoner, the opportunity to do better, to become a whole man. The underlying idea of all our ideas of justice and law is to "punish," and we punish in various ways, but principally by hanging and putting in jail. We are getting less and less barbarous in our methods of punishment, but in effect the idea remains the same. Some well-meaning people supplement the work of the courts by preaching to the prisoners, distributing tracts among them, and holding out hopes of a hereafter to them, but mainly persons who would not in this world employ them after they were released, because they have the prison brand on them. We are not going to quarrel with a man who believes in punishing men according to the strict rules of a code for violating certain laws, but we do object to him calling himself a Christian at the same time, because he is not, and does not understand the meaning of the term.

The Yale-Cariboo Wagon-Road

(*Continued from Page 106*)

still with us, however, and hale and hearty yet, and we trust that they may be so for many years to come. It were well perhaps for us in this "get-rich-quick" age to take a lesson from the lives of some of these men. They worked early and late and were broken often, but never defeated. Ask Mr. R. P. Rithet, of Victoria, about his early experiences, and I have no doubt that he would tell you how he walked from Cariboo to Yale, working his way along the road as best he could. I am afraid that at the end of his journey little remained of his boots but the upper portion of them, and as for his trousers—well, rumor has it there was something left, it is true—a respectable remnant we will hope, if scarcely enough to swear by. But this experience did not break his spirit, but only served his determination, and he succeeded in the end as we all know. Mayor of the City of Victoria, Member of the Legislative Assembly, a member of many boards, such honors were bestowed, or rather thrust upon him, for he did not seek them. He was ever a worker, never a figurehead, and only entered public life because of his deep interest in the welfare of the province. And not a few of our prominent men have had similar experiences. What tales of heroism and perseverance the old road could tell if it could only speak!

SIR MATTHEW BAILLIE BEGBIE

I suppose that there are not many British Columbians who have not heard of Sir Matthew Baillie Begbie, Chief Justice of the Crown Colony of British Columbia. He travelled up and down the road on circuit, year in and year out, and many are the stories told of him. A strong man, if not always discreet at the commencement of his long career in British Columbia. We may remember, some of us, that on one occasion at least he had his official knuckles sharply rapped by the Duke of Newcastle, the Secretary of State for the Colonies. A self-willed, dictatorial man in some things, perhaps, but a power for good in the land nevertheless. "The Rope Tyee," the Indians of the interior called him, which presumably was their equivalent for the "hangman," or the "hanging judge."

The Chief Justice, of course, often travelled in the stages of "Barnard's Express" and many anecdotes cluster about his stalwart figure. It so happened that as Sir Matthew (he had not been knighted then, however) sat one day on the box seat beside Mr. Steve Tingley, he commenced to animadvert upon the necessity of the drivers of the stages strictly observing certain regulations which had been recently promulgated, touching the carrying of high explosives on passenger coaches, something which had been strictly forbidden. He laid down the law on the subject in his customary forceful manner, little thinking that under his very seat were four boxes of giant powder and fuses. Mr. Tingley sat all the while the picture of innocence.

Another story is told of Sir Matthew which had a different ending, however. He had just mulcted a "smart Alick" American in the sum of one hundred dollars for some infraction of the law, when the prisoner remarked with careless effrontery, "Thanks, Judge, I have got that in my hip pocket."

"And twelve months imprisonment—have you got that in your hip pocket?" was the quiet but quick retort of the learned judge.

Mr. Tingley at different times drove all the big men of the country and came to know them intimately. His anecdotes of them would fill a large volume. It fell to his lot to drive General Butler, explorer and brilliant author of "The Great Lone Land" and other books; Viscount Milton and Doctor Cheadle, explorers and authors of "The Northwest Passage by Land"; the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, one of Canada's greatest Governors-General; and many other men of mark.

Of General Butler, the veteran expressman observed to the writer that he was "the finest man I ever met." Not by any means so high was his opinion of Viscount Milton and Doctor Cheadle. Of the latter, indeed, he does not speak in altogether flattering terms.

When Lord and Lady Dufferin visited British Columbia in 1878, Mr. Tingley, as the best whip in the province, was naturally selected to drive their excellencies on their tour through the country. "Very fine people," is Mr. Tingley's comment upon the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin. He

recalls, with a twinkle in his eye, several of the stories with which the Marquis regaled him upon different occasions. One of them will bear mentioning.

Lord Dufferin, when he was a young man in Dublin, always used a certain jaunting car driven by an old Irishman who, however, did not know the name of his patron.

"Well, Pat," said Dufferin one fine morning, "what is the news today?"

"I don't think of anything, Sir," was Pat's reply.

Then, as an afterthought, "Yes, they do say that that one-eyed Dufferin is going to marry Kate Hamilton."

In those days the Indians were many times more numerous along the road than they are now, and it was the Governor-General's custom to give them, as he proceeded, presents of cotton, jewellery and various other things. Lady Dufferin, standing in the coach, would also shower largesse in the form of tobacco and little gifts, upon the Indians who would ride alongside. The natives, naturally enough, were impressed with the importance of the occasion, and gathered at different places here and there to meet the viceregal party and to be addressed by the representative of the "Great White Mother." It so happened that at Spence's Bridge were foregathered all the men, women and children of the Nicola clan, including the great chiefs of the tribe, to render homage to their visitor. Now, Lord Dufferin was democratic in his dress, and he did not wear, except on state occasions, the insignia of his rank. As a matter of fact he was clothed in a suit of plain Oxford grey, which did not look any the better becaused he had scorched it behind while standing in front of the camp fire. It is to be feared that on this occasion his garments looked rather shabby and the worse for wear.

The Indians, of course, were very anxious to see the big "Tyee," and they asked that he might be pointed out to them. But when this was done they refused to believe that such an ordinary individual could possibly be the big chief. They had expected, no doubt, a man bedecked in splendid uniform, all covered with gold lace, and none other would please them. Finally, in their extremity the natives turned to Mr. Tingley, who pointed out the Governor-General, whereupon one of the great chiefs looked Lord Dufferin up and down, down and up, and all over, with derision clearly marked upon his face. Then with an uncomplimentary ejaculation he put spurs to his horse and galloped away, nor did he return. It would seem that with the untutored savage democratic behaviour is not always held in high esteem.

The Governor-General, however, was no less popular with the natives generally than with the whites. He addressed large gatherings of the former at different places through an interpreter. On this memorable tour, of which much might be said, His Excellency endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact, with the possible exception of the Indian Chief aforesaid and a few politicians who were not able to see eye to eye with him upon the matter of the fulfilment of the Terms of Union, a subject then agitating the minds of the people of the Pacific province.

The first camp out of Yale was the nineteen-mile post in the great canyon of the Fraser. Mr. Dewdney and Mr. Barnard had personally and jointly prepared the place a day or two beforehand. A large platform had been built over the river, and on it the viceregal party had their lunch.

HANK AND YANK PACK TRAIN

The roaring life of the old days, with all its crudities and hardships, is replete with amusing incidents and accidents, and the travellers on the stages bandied stories of the road as they journey from one point to another. Little incidents such as the following gave a zest to life and a laugh would roll up and down the road as jokes and stories passed along from one raconteur to another.

Besides the regular stage and freight lines, there were many individuals engaged in the transportation business, and, in the earliest times, a number of pack trains operated between Quesnelle and Barkerville. One of these was known by the expressive, if not euphonious, title "Hank and Yank." It so happened that the Hank and Yank train, with its one hundred and twenty-five mules, left Quesnelle one day with as many packs of whiskey and flour—twenty-five packs of the latter to one

hundred of the former was the proportion. Now, at that particular time flour was exceedingly scarce in Barkerville and the price of it sky high in consequence. One would naturally think that new supplies would be welcomed. Well, the Hank and Yank pack train reached its destination safely, and it was filing down the quaint main street of the mining metropolis, with its twenty-five packs of flour and its one hundred packs of whiskey, when a bystanding miner observed, as the owner of the train went by, "I wonder what that damned fool is going to do with all that flour?"

Old Tom Hutchinson, a packer well known in those times, with his string of one hundred and fifty mules, once carried into Barkerville a shipment of general merchandise, part of which consisted of three hundred pounds of excellent Limburger cheese. When old Tom reached his destination the consignees, Messrs Marks and Winkler, general merchants, of Barkerville, went over the invoices and waybills and compared them with the shipment, only to find that the three hundred pounds of excellent Limburger were missing. On being questioned Tom swore that everything was there. "No, nothing lost or stolen," said he on being further interrogated.

The merchants scratched their heads and Tom looked worried. None of them could understand how so large a parcel could have been missed.

Upon being cross-examined, however, Tom remembered that he had thrown away a load because, as he said, "it had turned bad and stank." The mystery was solved. Tom was told to return and pick up the pack, and, after all, the evilsmelling but excellent Limburger reached the end of its journey safely.

W. G. BRISTOL, A NOTED "CHARACTER"

During the winter months, as the navigation of the river from Yale to New Westminster would be often impracticable, the British Columbia Express Company was accustomed to enter into a contract for the carrying of the Royal Mail and express between the points mentioned. From the nature of things it was a difficult matter to transport the packages up the river, but in this the company was fortunate in procuring the services of a remarkable and noted character, who became, it might be said, one of the minor institutions of the country.

Among the miners who arrived in 1858, the year of the stampede to the Fraser placers, there was one by name W. G. Bristol, a Quaker from western New York, a man who enjoyed the wild and careless life of the west. He knocked about the Colony for a few years, becoming more or less well known for his oddities and peculiarities in the course of his peregrinations. To this man, whose probity and fearlessness were common knowledge, the company turned when they desired a reliable messenger to take charge of their winter express between New Westminster and Yale.

In fair weather and in foul, Bristol, in his little canoe, with a crew of two or three Indians, would traverse the river with his valuable cargo, and never did he fail to land it safely at Yale. When, as sometimes happened, the river was closed by ice, and the snow was deep and firm enough on land, snowshoes would be resorted to, and the express would be packed on the backs of Bristol and his native assistants. Not infrequently, however, horses and wagons would be hired from the settlers at Sumas and Chilliwack and the bags of mail carried for a part of the way with their aid.

Once in a while there would be enough snow on the ground to permit of sleighing from New Westminster to Yale along the lower road. Indeed on one notable occasion a four-horse sleigh started from Hastings, on Burrard Inlet, ran to New Westminster, crossed the Fraser on the ice, drove on to Yale, and from thence straight through to Barkerville. Steve Tingley sat on the box, "Captain" Bristol had charge of the mail and express, and Ben Douglas, of New Westminster, and W. G. Kyle were passengers. This was probably the longest trip by sleigh ever made in British Columbia.

"'Captain' Bristol," so remarks a contemporary who knew him well, "was one of the finest men who ever trod on 'God Almighty's footstool.' Though rough he was as honest as the daylight and absolutely reliable. When he was travelling with his crew of Indians—whose language, by the way, he understood and spoke perfectly—he would be as like a native as it was possible for a white man to be. Even in the coldest

weather he was not particular about his clothing. He would paddle with his shirt-front open and his chest exposed to the wintry blasts as unconcernedly as if it were a balmy spring day."

When the railway reached Burrard Inlet at Port Moody the mails were forwarded by train. Bristol retired, therefore, to his farm on Bristol Island. The Express Company, wishing to show their appreciation of his services in some tangible form, presented him with a fine pair of young horses, but the "Captain" declined the gift with thanks, as he was, to use his own expression, "the poorest excuse in the world when it came to horse-flesh." He asked for a canoe instead, but the company compromised by sending him a splendid gold watch and chain, which he carried to the day of his death.

STEVE TINGLEY

Of the men connected with the British Columbia Express Company no one was more widely known than Mr. Steve Tingley, the veteran whip, who for so many years so skilfully handled the ribbons. He would take his team of four or six spirited horses along the road at a clipper pace, often, as he passed lumbering freight trains with their long lines of oxen, mules or horses, having but a few inches between his wheels and the edge of a chasm leading straight down to the boiling waters of the Fraser far below. Hairbreadth escapes he had more than once, but his face, inscrutable as that of the Sphinx, never betrayed to the passengers his anxiety. Yet no one could have been more keenly alive to his responsibilities, in fact, the cares of his work at times weighed heavily upon him. And small wonder that it should be so, considering the terribly dangerous nature of the road it was his daily business to drive over.

For twenty-eight years, at all seasons of the year, in foul weather and in fair, with a masterful hand he drove up the road and down the road without one mishap. For twenty-eight years without an accident the master-whip. managed his restive steeds. This, surely, is a feat worthy of being recorded in the annals of the coaching days, and perhaps a record never equalled therein. So seldom did mishaps occur that presumably travellers came to think very little of the trip. Yet one and all of them owed a debt of gratitude to Steve Tingley for his own wonderful driving and for the care which he exercised in selecting reliable men to take charge of the passenger coaches. Little did the passengers reck, perhaps, of the great strain resting upon the drivers of the stages.

Mr. Tingley came to the province in the Brother Jonathan in 1861, and after a more or less adventurous career in Cariboo he was selected by Mr. Barnard as one of his lieutenants, as already stated. From the box of his stage he surveyed the colony and took the measure of all the men of note therein, and his judgment was shrewd and not often at fault. A man in such a position is given opportunities of ascertaining the strong and weak points of his fellow mortals, for there is nothing like a long and trying journey by stage for bringing out the real man. The silent man on the box took the measure of all his passengers, but he kept his opinions to himself, which, perhaps, was just as well for some of them. A man he could recognize at once, and could look clear through the outer wrappings of the charlatan and into the heart of him. But this silent man on the box rarely aired his opinions, being ever a man of few words.

From the days of Sir James Douglas to the nineties he drove every man of note who visited his district, and a thousand pities it is that his reminiscences of them could not be recorded, for they would illumine the dull page of history.

Mr. Tingley, hale and hearty in spite of his four score years, still resides at Ashcroft. He must often marvel at the changes he has seen take place in the country. Now twenty powerful motors ply out of Ashcroft in the room and stead of the old horse stages. No doubt as he rides down to Vancouver on the splendidly equipped trains of the Canadian Pacific Railway his thoughts wander back to that far-off day when he drove the stage along the perilous road through the great canyon. The sight of Chinaman's Bluff and Jackass Mountain must revive within him memories of the coaching days.

CONCLUSION

The Cariboo road, as it was, is no more. It served its purpose and now has been relegated to the "limbo of forgotten things." Gone and forever are the old days of the

gold excitement, gone are the stages with their four and six horses, gone long since that "fire-breathing spirit host" of miners and adventurers that gave reality to a scene almost unreal in its strangeness. Men with high hope in their hearts paved the way for the road-builders with the sweat of their toil and suffering on the lonely trails leading to the New Eldorado. They hastened "stormfully across the astonished earth" to find—a few of them fortunes, many of them grim disappointment, some of them graves. Many of the fortunes so easily made were as easily dissipated:

The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

Looking back now we may marvel at it all, but also we must honor the great-hearted men—for great-hearted they must have been, because no others would have ventured into the far wilds of the Cariboo of that day—who laid the foundations of the fortunes of this grand province and made possible the construction of the greatest road in North America. Scattered long years ago is that phantom army. In out-of-the-way places, on steep hillsides and in deep gulches, are lonely, neglected and long forgotten graves, where sleep peacefully, after life's turmoil, those who fell from the ranks of that invading legion of adventurous spirits. Peace to their ashes. The sighing of the night wind in the pine tops is their only requiem.

If we could only look back into the past along that mighty highway, what a strange scene we should behold. Long lines of pack animals, heavy freight-wagons, six-horse coaches, with the well-known faces of their passengers, camels and traction engines, an army of men with pack-straps, some going, some returning, some successful, many unsuccessful, men drunk and men sober—all sorts and conditions of men—a motley crowd; bustling activity at the rough and ready road-houses; such was the Cariboo road in the palmy days of its greatness that are no more. That phantom host has long since passed away and naught remains of it but the memories that cluster about that old road which was the Appian Way of British Columbia—our *Regina Viarum* (The Queen of Roads).

And thinking of it all we are reminded of the beautiful, if melancholy, lines of the immortal dramatist:

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep!

The British Columbia Mountain Lion

By Bonnycastle Dale

(from Recreation)

YOU faithful readers of the Sunday newspapers have no doubt a certain mental picture of this panther of British Columbia—the mountain lion is the favorite newspaper name for it. With my mind duly inflamed by the fearsome tales I had read of this awful beast I, too, mentally pictured the arsenal the lad Fritz and I would be compelled to carry while following our natural history studies along these wild coasts. I finally compromised—mentally—on a rifle, a shotgun, an automatic pistol, and a bowie knife apiece. Most of the blood-curdling tales the lad and I had shuddered over told of these monstrous beasts leaping on their prey from behind or above. How our sympathetic hearts bled for the widows and orphans left by these dread man-eaters! Inspired like ancient knights we took the field some several years agone. I carefully strapped the lad's weapons on—to wit, one small camera and a brass tripod. I manfully struggled under my load of arms—the big camera and the telescope. Oh, yes! I must not forget to mention my pearl-handled pocket knife, my most deadly weapon.

In gloomy mountain caves, in the thick fir forests, under the arching ferns that covered the trail, through the salmonberry and sallal patches, under the roots of fallen woodland monarchs, we crept and walked and crawled, we rested, we slept. In the bed under the sweeping branches of the cedar, where last night the black-tailed deer slept, we made our lonely bivouac. On honeycombed cliffs where dark caves grinned, under fallen ledges where the mink and the martin lived, by dark pools and lonely lakes we journeyed. For four years our trail has led us to the distant places where man is not and the beasts of prey have their habitat—and how many panthers do you think we have seen? Not one! I know, according to the newspapers, Fritz should at least have been badly clawed. He is so dreadfully afraid of these creeping great cats that he snores loudly all the night in his cedar nest under the mighty trees to keep them off. I do think I have heard a panther near me, but as my chum has been out here twenty-five years and has only seen one, I have lots of time.

I have carefully gathered together all the yarns I have heard of this cowardly beast. They were all told second or ninetieth hand.

Now for the reason why this swift, lithe, immensely strong, great-toothed, far leaping, soft-footed beast does not attack man. Every man, woman, or child *Felis concolor* has met has been standing erect—this is the fighting posture among wild beasts, and is our natural pose—so the panther sees in us an animal always ready for a fight. The only two cases of its attacking human beings that I give any credence to were when they were in quadruped pose—when a klootchman was tying her shoe and an Indian was stooped over gathering roots. In both cases the animal fled on hearing the alarmed screech of the human.

On the Skagit river, in Washington, this story was amply corroborated. A man leading a colt heard the wailing cry of a cat. Time after time the dolorous note sounded behind him on the trail. He correctly divined that the beast was following the young colt. Night was approaching. A wide, shallow branch of the many-mouthed river lay ahead. He decided not to cross in the darkness, but to put his colt in the barn of a Swedish woman on the near shore. The next morning he continued on his journey, the led colt safely stepping behind. Now the Swedish woman heard cries of distress from the one lone pig she owned. From out of the low log pen issued piercing squeals and an occasional

growl. Pigs, as a rule, do not growl. So the brave little foreigner seized an axe and got down on her hands and knees and crept into that low door. She had not felled trees for nothing, this Swedish woman. Her first blow put a seven-foot panther at her mercy, and she rained many more blows, as the head of the dead beast testified. Now, if this beast came of a race of fighters—and not slinkers—it would have attacked at once; it would never have allowed that first deadly blow to be dealt. All honor to the hardy little emigrant that so bravely fough for and saved (the bacon of) her precious pig.

Determined to see this notorious beast, we accepted the only feasible plan—hunt it with a dog. The slinking beast is a perfect pest on this Island of Vancouver. Its toll on the sheep is so heavy that it has driven little ranchers in lonely places out of the business. It will live closely along the edge of civilization, studying its chances for a fat sheep. School children more often see it than hunters. We find its big padded foot-mark all along the dusty trails that wind through this upheaved landscape. On the sands at the river we often trace its big, soft pads among the arrow-head prints of the black-tailed deer. I find, in west coast districts, that once the panther and the wolf thin the deer down, both beasts of prey leave these denuded forests. My informant showed me the terrible weapon he had killed seven dog-treed panthers with —a .38 revolver.

So, with much fear and trembling, Fritz and I decided to go panther hunting. We were then walking the west coast shores. We had often seen deer on the sands or swimming the narrow, tidal rivers, but only rarely had we seen the pad-mark of the panther. I carefully loaded my—camera, and Fritz filled up the—lunch box. I admit the Indian in the canoe did have a shotgun, for slinking, cowardly beasts though they are, one cannot snuff them out like a candle.

On the seaward side of the village, we were camped near the surf roaring in its fury, so we could not go outside to hunt; perforce we must go to the inlet. I pictured the two little ones on the sand as they watched their father, our daring guide, go out—perhaps to his death. I snapped the near orphans, and stepped into the twenty-foot canoe, a big hollowed cedar log. We paddled out from the cove, passing the salmon-trolling men in their big dugouts. Here I took a view of the village on the sandy shore of the cove. Then Fritz said, from his seat amidships—or would amidcanoe be better?—"Where is the dog?" Our noble hound was somewhere in the craft. Really, it takes so strong and big a dog to tree one of these "mountain lions" that I should have told this story with two canoes in it—one for the dogs. Truth compels me to state that our entire force of hunting dogs consisted of a skinny, mangy yellow cur, so small that we did not know it was in the canoe.

Oh! the beauty of those sea-filled fiords of the west coast; fiords clothed to the water's edge with hemlock and small fir; fiords that uphold mighty hills, snow-crowned even in the long, warm days of our Western summer. Past mighty, bird-stained cliffs, where Fritz clambered in boyish glee, coming back and saying, "Nary a lion"; along the grass-edged shore of hill streams where the black bears crop the young grass as evenly as cattle; beside tiny wooded isles where the salmon leap in the tide currents and the graceful cut-throat trout flash out like silver gleams in the bright sunshine, where never a sign of vagrant man and his sacrilegious axe is found; over river sands laden with silt that holds fine gold, holds it beyond the power of man's extracting, we passed.

There was one island ahead, an island only at high tide, where there was fresh water for the lunch kettle. We landed. I was humming a tune.

"Remember, we are lion hunting," Fritz gravely interlarded.

Never mind; we had our lunch while our pack of hunting dogs scoured the hills. I could hear its note, of a thin and tinny flavor, piercing back from the ledge valley above us. Soon a whole volley of tins clattered out of its yellow throat, and the Indian looked up. *"Mow-ich"* (a deer), he grunted, between mouthfuls.

Just then I saw we were sitting on some very fine fossils, so Fritz and I started to chip them out. The little dog yet yelped on the hillside, and the guide slouched up the rocks after him. I wearied at quarrying

and started to collect shells from a kitchen midden. Then, the sun being rather warm and the lunch somewhat heavy, I slept. Fritz, as a good imitative Nature student, did likewise.

Some thirty minutes later I was startled by a dull thud on the sands beside me, and awoke to see the grinning face of the guide —and close beside me on the sands the likewise grinning face of a dead panther, one about six and a half feet long!

Alas! we had undervalued the hunting qualities of that—well, call it a dog. This mongrel, alone and unaided (I am sure it did not weigh more than twenty-five pounds), had treed the dread beast of the Sunday "magazine sections," and our guide had lazily walked up and shot it as it lay crouched along the branch of the tree. It had been right above where we ate our lunch, as Fritz found the cave and the trail at the entrance right above our landing place. The cur found it here, as his tracks criss-crossed the panther's train at the cave, along the cliff, in every black earth gully. Imagine this ignoble beast allowing the little Indian dog to chase him up the cliff and into the first big tree!

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Come—Love—come!
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Only lovers understand;
Come away to Poppyland,
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There's a crooning in the breeze,
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FRUIT AND PRODUCE.

Parsons, Haddock Co., 121 Water Street.
Stewart, F. R. & Co., 127 Water Street.

GROCERS.

Galt, G. F. & J., 1043 Seaton Street.
Kelly, Douglas Co., Water Street.
Malkin, W. H., Ltd., Water Street.

HARDWARE.

Wood, Vallance & Leggatt, 26 Hastings Street W.

PAINTS

W. J. Pendray & Sons, Ltd., 540 Beatty Street.

PLUMBERS' SUPPLIES

Alcock, Downing & Rose.
Robertson-Godson Co., Ltd., 32 Hastings St. W.
The T. L. Peck Co., Ltd., 562 Beatty Street.

WOOLENS AND TAILOR'S TRIMMINGS

F. W. Sterling, Richards and Cordova Sts.

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FLORISTS
Fruit Trees, Shrubs, Bulbs and Flowering Plants
Write for 1911 Catalogue—it's free
59 Hastings St. East **Vancouver, B.C.**

John J. Banfield
Real Estate
Insurance, Investments
Money to Loan
607 Hastings St., Vancouver, B.C.
Established in 1891

FIELDS & MAY
REAL ESTATE AND FINANCIAL AGENTS

Our specialty is lands adjoining those of the Imperial Car, Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Corporation, Ltd. These are increasing in value every day and offer the best investment obtainable. Lots from $300.00. Also acreage.

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Phone 5744

STEAMBOAT MOUNTAIN

The development work which is now being done on the property of Steamboat Mountain Gold Mines, Limited is showing up most satisfactorily, and there is an active demand for the stock.

For further particulars apply to

C. D. RAND---BROKER
450 Granville St. **Vancouver, B.C.**

15%

How would you like to obtain a revenue of about 15 per cent. on your capital?

At this rate you could afford to take a holiday on a small capital.

The investment is perfectly safe and is in an apartment mansion company.

For particulars address

H. W. WINDLE
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INDUSTRIAL SITES
NEW WESTMINSTER CITY

Sites put on the market in order that the SMALL MAN—THE MAN TO WHOM EVERY DOLLAR COUNTS—may become possessed of an interest in the great growing city.

Industries are established and being built all around these lots. We guarantee them as all cleared and perfectly level.

Only $450 each, $25 cash, balance $10 a month.

Central Real Estate Co. **Corner Homer and Pender Sts.**

BAY VIEW

In D. L. 621, North Vancouver

LOTS $300 to $325

$50 Cash and $10 per Month

These lots are high and dry, with a gentle southern slope and a splendid view of Burrard Inlet and East Vancouver. One block from the Keith Road, three quarters of a mile from the Imperial Car Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Corporation, Limited.

Prices will advance rapidly

with the construction of the Second Narrows Bridge and the assured development throughout this district.

On January 12 Vancouver voted $200,000 to assist in the building of the Second Narrows Bridge

$50 SECURES A LOT

Call or write for descriptive pamphlet.

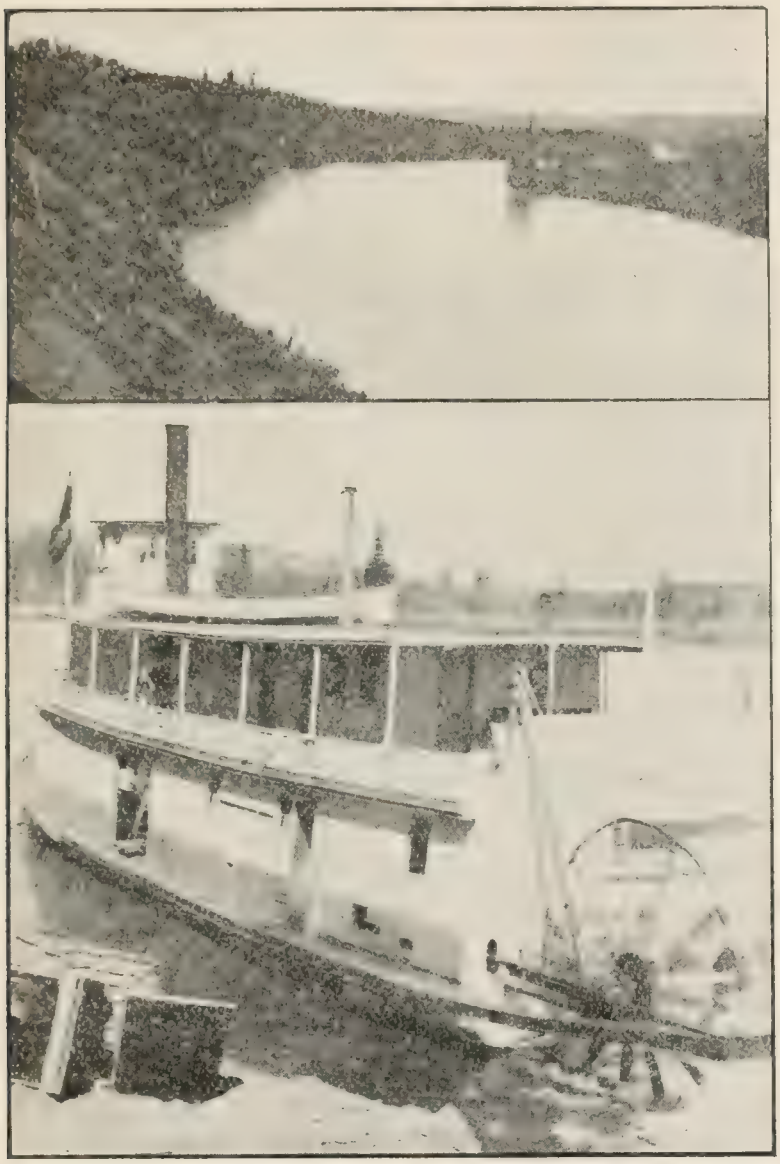
S. F. MUNSON

REAL ESTATE BROKER 333 PENDER ST. WEST

P. O. Box 817 Vancouver, B.C. Phone 5654

The "BX" [That is the B.C. Express Co.] announce that they will make the terminus of the Upper Fraser River Steamboat service at Fort George, on the Nechaco River front shown in these two views.

The new wharf and warehouse at the Fort George Townsite are completed



These two views are from almost the same spot. One shows the Nechaco river as it sweeps by Fort George townsite The other shows the large river steamboat after having landed her freight at the Fraser Avenue Landing.

FORT GEORGE is at the junction of the Fraser and Nechaco Rivers, and will be the largest city on the Grand Trunk Pacific Transcontinental Railway west of Winnipeg.

Fort George is the geographical and strategic commercial centre of British Columbia — the natural supply point for a splendid mixed farming, mineral, timber and coal area of millions of acres made accessible by 1100 miles of navigable waterways. Splendid openings for business and investment.

Over 30,000,000 acres of rich agricultural and fruit land; 50,000,000 of the finest timber, coal and mineral lands that have never been touched will be thrown open to the public for development. This is the famous Fort George country.

It is estimated that $100,000,000 will be spent in the next five years in railroad building alone in Central British Columbia, most of it directly tributary to Fort George.

Do you want a share of the profits?

Let us send you a free copy of the "British Columbia Bulletin of Information," giving synopsis of mining, land, mineral and timber laws. Costs you nothing. Write today.

Natural Resources Security Co., Limited

Paid up Capital $250,000 **Joint Owners and Sole Agents Fort George Townsite**

607 Bower Building :: :: Vancouver, British Columbia

The BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE is the logical result of British Columbia's growth. The development of British Columbia makes possible the development of THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE. The magazine intends to progress with the province. Its subject is British Columbia and it intends to grow as big as its subject

PROFITS IN POINT GREY LOTS

TO show the profits that have been made in Point Grey Lots by some of our clients we give below the history of a few transactions:

In February, 1909, we purchased a portion of Block 150, D. L. 540, on Tenth Avenue, and sold inside lots at $450. Before July, 1910, some of these had been resold at $2,000, showing a profit of 344 per cent.

In December, 1909, we bought subdivision 1 of Block 21, D. L. 139, and sold lots on Sixteenth Avenue at $800, the cash payment being $200. In one month's time the same lots were being sold at $1,000, which showed a profit of 100 per cent. on the cash payment.

Last October we sold lots on Eleventh Avenue, in Block 176, D. L. 540, at $800 each. Before Christmas, some of these had been turned over at $900 each.

These are only a few instances; we could give many other similar ones. We are quite willing to verify the above statements for anyone.

In most cases we sold the property while it was still "in the rough," and before streets were opened, the purchasers being able to reap the benefits of municipal and other improvements which were afterwards made.

History repeats itself, and just as surely as profits were made by previous buyers, so will you be able to do the same.

We do not need to enlarge again upon the many improvements to be made in Point Grey, but simply to state that they include a far greater expenditure of money than any time since we have been handling property in that district.

At the present time we are selling lots in Point Grey on the high ground between Thirteenth and Twenty-third Avenues, at prices from $650 to $1,250, according to their location on important streets, or their proximity to car-lines.

The terms are the easiest possible,—being one-fourth cash, and the balance in six, twelve, eighteen and twenty-four months.

Our control of over 400 lots, purchased from the Government, makes it possible for us to give you the advantage of such easy terms.

See us for further information, maps, etc., which we will gladly furnish, or write us for literature. If you live out of town we will choose your lots for you from the best of those remaining unsold upon receipt of your order.

References: Dominion Bank at Vancouver

Alvo von Alvensleben, Limited

Real Estate and Financial Brokers

Head Office: 405 Hastings Street W. :: VANCOUVER, B.C.

British Columbia Branch Offices: Victoria and North Vancouver

Branch Offices in Europe: Berlin, Germany; London, England; Paris, France

North Vancouver

WE confidently recommend those who wish to participate in the large profits that are being made and will be made in Real Estate to buy in North Vancouver.

This city is to Vancouver what Oakland is to San Francisco, and Birkenhead to Liverpool.

Hitherto its development has been retarded by want of bridge facilities for railroad communication. This difficulty has been overcome: a bridge is now under construction.

Many factories are arranging to locate in North Vancouver, and with its excellent harborage, as a deep-sea port, we are confident that its growth from now will be immense, and the growth of its land values correspondingly large.

We own and control a great deal of both city and suburban property, and have a large list of properties for sale.

We guarantee titles to all properties bought through us.

We act as general financial agents and invest money for clients on first mortgages which bring

7% on a 50% valuation

We also are open to represent merchants and manufacturers who wish to extend or introduce their goods into British Columbia.

Merchants Trust & Trading Co.

Limited

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $100,000

Head Office: Pender Street West, Vancouver, B. C.

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Lynn Valley, North Vancouver, B. C.

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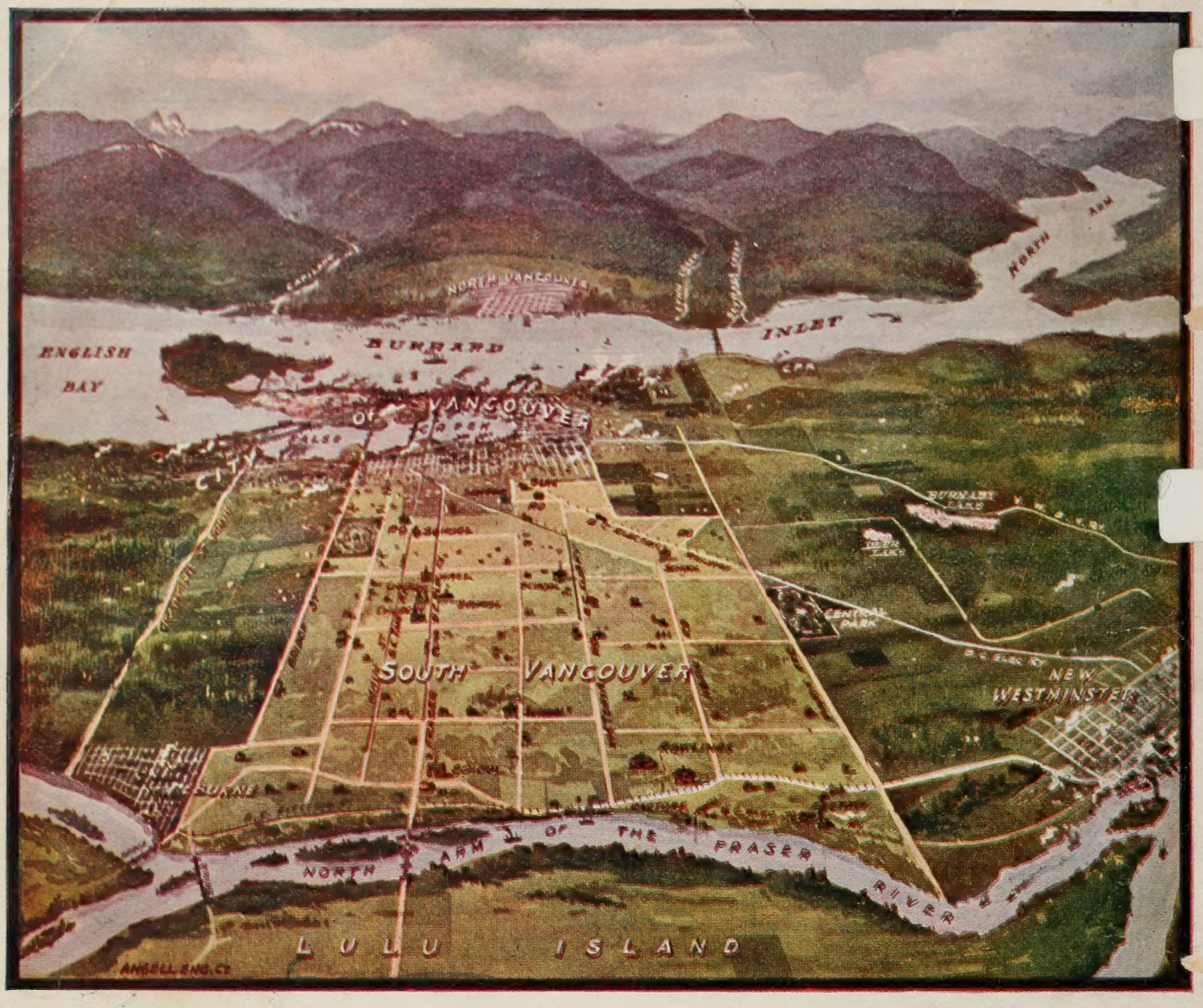

MUNICIPALITY OF SOUTH VANCOUVER

General Statistics Taken From Official Sources

Area of Municipality—14.5 square miles or 9,200 acres
Fraser River Waterfrontage—4½ miles
Highest Altitude—601 feet

Streets Graded, 1911	- -	120 miles	Population in 1910—25,000 approximately
Macadamized, 1911	- -	38 miles	Population in 1911—35,000 approximately
Watermains, 1911	- - -	110 miles	Assessment, 1909—$ 7,400,000.00
Sidewalks, 1911	- - -	105 miles	Assessment, 1910— 13,585,000.00
Population in 1905—Under 5,000			Assessment, 1911— 37,742,386.00

Electric light and telephone throughout the district
Improvements are not taxed
9½ miles of electric carlines in operation
2 miles of extensions in course of construction
2,500 children enrolled at the schools
Story of the greatest growth in the history of the West,
see Page 640.

R. C. HODGSON, President South Vancouver Board of Trade

For information communicate with CHAS. HARRISON, Secretary
Box 63, City Heights, P.O., South Vancouver, B.C.